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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THACKERAY—BULWER—DICKENS.

UNAPPROACHABLE ATTRACTIONS.

☞ Harper's Magazine, *for December*, will contain the commencement of Mr. Thackeray's long-expected and brilliant Story, "The Virginians," with numerous Illustrations by the Author. It will be continued from month to month, from advanced sheets, for which Harper & Brothers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

☞ Harper's Weekly, for this week, commences a new and powerful Story by Charles Dickens, entitled, "The Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices."

By special arrangement with the Author, the publication of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's new Story, entitled, "What will he do with it?" was commenced in No. 24 of Harper's Weekly. This great work is the best that he has written.

AN AFTERNOON AMONG THE DRY GOODS.

"Fourteen yards of grenadine."

"Yes, dear."

"Twenty-eight yards of mousseline de laine, half pale-blue, the rest nut color."

"Yes, dear."

"Say thirty yards of cotton for pillow-cases and night-gowns for the children."

"Yes, dear."

"Twelve yards of good strong silk, full breadth, shot color."

"Yes, dear."

"Or if you meet with a really lovely *robe à quille*—"

"What's a *robe à quille?*"

"Oh! goodness gracious! how stupid you men are! Ask, and you'll find out. If it's *very* cheap, buy it; and you may see if there are any flounced goods at really low prices. If there are, you may—let me know. In these times one ought not to lose the opportunities which Providence throws in one's way."

Thus my wife. I, turning on my heel, escaped; and, finding myself in the open street, moralized on the bearing of the Panic upon the expenditures of my family.

When the house of Rum, Molasses, & Co. (in which I fill the responsible station of book-keeper at $2000 a year) realized a profit of $95,000 on their year's sales—all other trades being equally prosperous—Sally said we might give the children a treat, and took them, accordingly, to Saratoga, where the poor little dears, I fear, were as miserable as I should have been had I been treated too. She likewise observed that, in such times, one might—indeed ought—to dress a little better than usual; and Minnie and Dick had new clothes, and my wife, to do her justice, looked amazingly handsome in a new shot-silk. This, mark you, was in honor of the good times. Now hard times come upon us; the banks break; and even the house of Rum, Molasses, & Co. is the subject of sinister whispers; on the strength of this, my wife loads me with orders for grenadine, muslin, cotton, and *robes à quille*, whatever they may be. She adds that to neglect such opportunities is flying in the face of Providence. I don't pretend to know much, but this dry-goods question appears to me to be rather one-sided. If we are to treat the ladies to extra superfluities when times are good, and to treat them still more profusely when they are hard, I should like to know when are we to curtail their expenditures? When are they to retrench?

My moralizing, I would have you to know, is a thing apart from my actions. I always do as I am bid.

Being myself unacquainted with the market value of dry goods, I prudently priced various articles at the store kept by St——t (I don't mention his name, because that would be a puff, and I won't say any thing further about him except that his store is on Broadway, and very sharp-sighted people can see it from the Park); this, lest I should be deluded by flaming posters about "Great Sacrifices!!!!"

Primed with the knowledge thus obtained, I entered the well-known store of Piff, Paff, & Co., where, the papers say, the most astonishing bargains are to be had for cash. There were a dozen people in the store. They belonged to the Toodles order. They priced every thing from curtains to cuffs. Now and then I noticed an aged female make a purchase. It evidently went to her heart. She first bullied the clerk, as who would say—"You unmitigated swindler! you don't mean to ask me FOUR shillings?" This failing, she coaxed him, as—"Now won't you say three-and-six for *me?* now *can't* you?" with a tender glance. That failing, she tried the resolute indifferent dodge, and gathered up her skirts as if to go, and appeared to say that it was of no consequence; she didn't want it, and if she did she could get it elsewhere at half the money. That failing too, she drew out the money, slowly and by degrees, discovering at last that she had sixpence less than the required amount; which sixpence, however, on the clerk's tendering her back her money, she contrived to discover in the uttermost depths of her bag. Then she clutched her purchase, and, scowling ferociously, departed.

I went to a youth with a strong Hibernian accent, and asked him for poplins, observing, in a jocular tone, that I expected to pay very little money, in virtue of the times. He instantly swore, and produced an article for which he asked me let us say two dollars.

Said I, meekly, "They only ask one and a half for these at St——t's."

The young man swore a good deal at this; and, after reflecting ominously on his rival's prospects in another world, he observed that it (whether *it* stood for my remark, or for the poplins, or for the price, I can't say) was "up a horn."

I said, mildly, that whether *it* was up a horn or down a horn, or independent of horns altogether, as I candidly believed it, in my ignorance, to be, the fact was as I stated; and reassured by a hang-dog expression which was stealing over the young Hibernian, I stated boldly that if the Sacrifice alluded to on the bills at the door was exemplified in the goods before me, I was encouraged to hope that the house of Piff, Paff, & Co. would be able to stand it.

At this the youthful Hibernian swore so frightfully, using expressions which I presume to have been native Irish, that I decamped, and made my way to the famous store of Bunkum & Co.

Every body knows that Bunkum & Co., being more or less involved in the present terrible revulsion—as all men in business have been—determined to sell off every thing, by retail or by wholesale, at any prices that people would give. Mr. Bunkum, whose shrewdness I take leave to commend, sent for half a dozen policemen on the morning of his "Great Sacrifice," and directed them to make a show of keeping people out. Of course, after this, every body wanted to get in; and the firm of Bunkum & Co. sold more goods in three days than they had been used to do in as many months. I was prepared to plead earnestly for admission. It was not necessary. I got in easily, and found a small store, very much crowded, to be sure, but, to my eye, not with buyers. Again, the Mrs. Toodles and the *flaneuses* predominated. Pretty faces and attractive toilets were in an infinitesimally small minority. Middle-aged women, in shabby costume, with faces like hawks and fingers like claws, surrounded the counters. They examined and priced cottons, linens, flannels, silks, laces, ribbons, muslins, poplins, cloths, towels, sheets—every kind of dry goods; now and then a purchase was made, after a struggle like that already described.

I saw the eyes of a policeman upon me; fearing lest he should take me for a pickpocket, I bustled to the counter and asked for silks.

"Sir," said a clerk, thrusting me aside, "by your leave."

"Sir," said a lady behind me, "you have torn my dress."

"Oh, Sir!" said a good-looking girl, "pray don't squeeze so."

I fell back abashed. Certainly the people in whose favor I had been expelled were not buying much; was it good policy to exclude me, a genuine purchaser?

"Here, you, Sir!" shouted a clerk, beckoning

THE DRY-GOODS EPIDEMIC, BROADWAY AT THREE P.M.

to me, "come this way—quick! Now, then, don't lose all day."

I followed. He led me to a recess, and hastily unfolded a piece of silk, for which he asked me about a quarter more than I would have paid at St——t's.

"Now," said he, sharply, "no time to lose—sixteen ladies, five gentlemen, and one boy waiting to be served: how many yards?" And he brandished the scissors before me.

I was going to say that I hadn't made up my mind, when a stylish-looking woman beside me started as if an adder had stung her. By her side stood a very coarse-looking man, with thick, brutal features, and a wandering, frightened eye.

Almost as soon as I noticed them, a clerk vaulted nimbly over the counter. He was a slim, thin-legged fellow, with no more strength than a well-fed cat; yet he seized the coarse-featured man by the throat, and began to drive him out of the store as if he were a bale of contraband dry goods. Drivee might struggle as he liked, driver did not flinch.

"Scoundrel!" said he, "out of the store! I'll teach you to insult ladies!"

I own to a pleasing sensation as I watched the toe of the clerk impinge firmly on a solid portion of the ill-favored scamp's person on his final exit from the store. *Entre nous*, I gave a boy sixpence to run after the wretch, shouting "pickpocket!" and watched the frantic race between them with infinite relish.

By this time I was satisfied that the "Great Sacrifice" placarded on the windows of stores applied to the purchaser, and not the vendor. It is money, and not dry goods which are sacrificed at such places.

So I returned to my original stand-point, and made my purchases. The throng there was greater than at any of the stores where "Great Sacrifices" were going on; I had to storm *chevaux de frise* of hoops to reach the counter.

The shopping mania is a disease peculiar to young women, which ought to have received more attention than it has from the faculty. It is a species of absorbing insanity—a brief fury, as the Romans said. I noticed my dear friend, Carrie Robinson, inspecting flounced robes. Carrie is so tender-hearted a girl that when that absurd ass, O'Shaughnessy, proposed to her the other day—though the fellow ought to have been kicked out of doors for his impudence, and the very sight of him must have been odious to her—the sweet creature burst into tears from pity when she refused him. Well, this same girl looked like a ghoul as she sat at the counter; her features were sharp, her expression cunning, and she looked as though it was indifferent to her whether she stole the dress she wanted or tore out the eyes of the clerk who refused to abate the price. I advise every man to see his wife at a dry-goods store before he marries her.

While I was journeying in search of my purchases, I noticed a lovely creature leaning over the counter to inspect a pattern. She was leaning in such an attitude that her hoops played absurd pranks, and I noticed—no matter what. Feeling that my duty as a husband and a father required me to act, I stood behind the young lady and coughed. She never stirred. I remarked, in a loud voice, that I wanted to find the plain silk department. She actually leaned over still more, and I had to shut my eyes—in justice to Sally. I believe that if James Buchanan and the entire Cabinet, nay if the whole male population of the city had been in my position, that young lady would have continued to examine her pattern, and her hoops would have gradually risen till they looked like the overhanging cover of a fashionable barouche.

That evening I observed to Sally that tucks were superseding lace edgings on certain garments.

"And pray, Sir, what business have you to know any thing about it? How do *you* know any thing about tucks?"

Thus my character is tainted, and my domestic happiness endangered, all through the absorbing influence of the dry-goods mania. The doctors should certainly take it in hand.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857.

THE BANKS.

SPECIE is hard of sale at one per cent. premium. Many of the banks pay it to their customers when required; any merchant who requires it for duties can obtain it on simple check. A few hundred thousand dollars have already arrived from abroad. In a day or two another arrival from California will be due; and the forthcoming steamers from Europe will undoubtedly bring us half as much at least as we have already. As, in point of fact, specie is not in the least needed for the ordinary operations of commerce, and the bulk of the community greatly prefer bank-notes, which indeed answer every purpose, it is reasonable to expect that before long gold will be a drug, in New York at all events.

Upon this the question naturally arises, When will the banks resume?

To this the banks reply—Let us alone; do not agitate the public mind; give things time to settle; and we will resume gradually, one by one, in the course of a very few days.

No doubt some of the banks, which, like the Chemical, can rely upon their depositors, could resume to-morrow without any probable danger. But as to the majority of these institutions, which are overladen with dry-goods paper, it may be questioned whether the operation of resuming can be effected with any thing like safety for some time to come. The middle of November must come and pass before the dry-goods merchants of New York know how they stand. To attempt before then to effect the curtailment required as a preliminary to suspension would be simply to break every house which is expanded to any extent. We do not mean to proffer an opinion as to the probable effect of the measures which it will be incumbent on the banks to pursue, in any event, after that date; but certainly, until we have advices from England of the effect produced there by the intelligence of the suspension of specie payments by our banks, it would seem precipitate for the majority of our banks to take any steps whatever to alter the present state of things.

Specie payments, at best, are a mere ideal security. Gold is better than paper merely because people agree to consider it so; the "intrinsic values" of commerce are at bottom merely conventional. Wheat, wool, land, iron, and such commodities (which we have in abundance), are the only real intrinsic values: gold is in fact a fictitious value. If this community can only exert the will to do business on a paper basis, and get rid of the conventional prejudice in favor of specie, there is no reason why the suspension of specie payments should be productive of serious evil.

It was doubtless these views which induced the judges of the Supreme Court to override the law a few days since, in order to save the banks from the natural consequences of the suspension of specie payments. They took an equity view of the case; they studied it from the standpoint of expediency, not of law. And from this stand-point they concluded that it was better for the community at large, better for the commerce of the country, and better for the comfort of private individuals, that the law should be twisted away from its natural meaning than that all the banks of New York should be wound up, and depositors deprived for thirty, sixty, or ninety days of the means which were stored in the bank coffers. Probably no one will impugn the wisdom of that judgment.

The only conclusion that will be drawn from it by those who stand aloof from the contentions of the day will be that a modification of the banking law of this State may be beneficially attempted. Public opinion—rightly or wrongly—expects a bank to pay specie when required to do so, in time of panic as well as in time of peace. Under the present interpretation of the law this can not be insisted on. Whether under a new law the difficulty could be mastered and provided for, it appertains to the Legislature and the courts to decide. To them, also, belongs the duty of determining whether under the State Constitution power is vested in the Legislature to control, by any instrumentality, the expansion of bank credits. The point is involved in some doubt; but no one who has observed the events of the past few months can doubt its being worthy of careful scrutiny.

The opponents of a National Bank, with power, by its example, to control the bank expansion and contraction throughout the country, have latterly seen many reasons for reconsidering the opinions they have habitually expressed; and if such an institution could by any device be kept clear of party politics, a proposal to re-establish it would at the present time meet with pretty general favor.

THE LOUNGER.

MAKING A BOW.

A LOUNGER in literature is an observer. He is a vagabond, but he is not necessarily a low fellow. If he is, he will soon betray himself, and will be kicked out of good society—that is, out of your society, kind reader, and out of these comely columns.

The Lounger is not indigenous to New York, nor to America. He is to be found here, however, and some very choice and perfect specimens of one species have been observed upon Broadway. But the Broadway species is only one of several. This kind haunts hotels, and the sun draws him out; so that when the tide of flounces and crinoline is at its height, he may be seen coming out of his hole in the attic and basking at hotel doors. His habits at such times are simple. They consist mainly of staring, twirling his mustache, swinging his stick, smoking, spitting, and simpering. This kind of Lounger begins to blossom luxuriantly near the sea-side in August, and comes to great perfection in the city in the month of October.

The private habits of this species of Lounger are equally simple. He chiefly passes his day in his attic-bed, the barber's shop, the smoking-room, the bar-room, or the oyster-cellar. But, owing either to a want of appetite or some other want, he rarely eats a good dinner, unless he chances to meet some friend from the country. He passes his night in gaming-houses and other houses, and retires to his hole drunk toward daylight.

If this species of Lounger had brains, this is what would be called by him "life," and "seeing the elephant"—the latter proceeding consisting in making himself a much smaller beast than the elephant, and the "life" being a rapid loss of health, friends, honor, self-respect, decency, money, and an early drunken death.

There is another class of Loungers, who also live poorly, but do not die so. Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, Ben Jonson and Béranger, Steele and Lamb, are the names of some individuals of this species. They are not always sure of a dinner, but they are sure of their deserts long afterward; they do not cheat men of their money at cards, but they cheat them of many a weary hour and heartache; they do not pick diamonds off their companion shirt-front, but they pick difficulties out of his life. In fact, they are different from the other kind.

Then there is still another class of Loungers, who write for weekly newspapers, commenting upon the minor morals and manners—upon matters of general conversation—upon pleasant news in literature and art—upon fashions and follies—upon virtue and vice—upon all things and some others, including their own genus Lounger.

This kind may be found hereabouts.

A PRIVATE BOX.

THE Lounger will keep a private box—no, madame, *not* an opera-box; no, Mr. Nimrod, *not* a shooting-box; no, Mr. Impudence, not a box on the ear, nor a box to get himself into, but a private box for *letters*—for *communications*, as editors and quack doctors are wont to say.

Whoever has any thing to say which he supposes the readers of this paper wish to hear, let him send it to the Lounger. Elderly gentlemen, for instance, who wish an accommodation without pawning their watch-seals; elderly ladies who have discovered something so fatal to certain nameless people, and who wish to explode the mine without fear of injury; young gentlemen whose boots hurt them; young ladies whose mammas will not let them dance (except with that boy, cousin Charles), and whose papas will not allow unlimited Stewarting; poets who are not appreciated; painters who pooh! pooh! at Landseer and Ary Scheffer; politicians who complain that Diogenes was a fool to try to find with a lantern what they can not find with the combined assistance of the gas company and the Drummond light; wives who are not perfectly happy with their husbands; husbands who look at Mrs. Catherine and wonder what has become of dear little Kate; youths at clubs who suppose themselves to be elegant, and wish to find out if they are so—all, all of these are invited to drop their doubts, complaints, questions, and disgusts into the Lounger's private box.

Also, any body who has discovered the North-west Passage, or the Philosopher's Stone, or the causes of the commercial confusion, or the way out of it.

Of course there is a grave difficulty: the Lounger is to decide whether they are worth printing. As if any body ever wrote any thing that was not! As if an author were not the best judge of his own work, and, if he took the pains to send his MS., had not earned all the fame he could ever make! As if a Lounger, forsooth, were such a wonderfully discriminating fellow!

But still he passes round the box. Who has any small change? Who will drop in something for the love of lounging? Rattle! rattle! the box! the box! Never mind the specie. Paper will do. The Lounger's box will be the ear of the public. Who has any thing he wishes to drop in?

Next week we will lift the lid and see.

WE AND I.

IT is a question, of course, whether a Lounger is one or many. The immemorial *we* of the newspaper is very delusive. It sounds so lordly, and has such a choral rhythm, that a man—especially if he be an author under criticism for his first book—shakes in his miserable shoes, and fancies all the Muses are mocking him. It is a great relief to him, by the time his second work appears, to have learned that the lion who roars so dreadfully is only Snug the Joiner.

Yet the *we* is sometimes very unmanageable. To be one and to seem two is trying to some minds. There was Smirch, who undertook an evening tea-paper in Yorkville. The town was not large enough for the institution, and it presently languished and died. But in the very first number the editor was agitating the question whether married or single life were the better estate. The theme was expansive, and the style of Smirch was stately. But he was not yet out of the honey-moon, and putting aside the discussion, as it were, with a wave of his magisterial hand, he concluded—as much perplexed with his *we*'s as the elder Weller—"But we withdraw from the debate; we may be supposed to be prejudiced, *for we ourself are a married man.*"

Now we will frankly confess that the *We* and the *I* of the Lounger have the same force. But whether the *I* is really *We*, or the real *We* masks under the *I*—having, as it were, a single I to the interest of the reader—we shall leave veiled. A Club wrote the *Spectator*, and Dr. Johnson—that enormous I—almost unassisted performed the *Rambler*. The first number of *Salmagundi* announced that it would be written by three good fellows. Could any thing be wiser? When that individual in heavy mustaches, with a corresponding stick in his hand, called "to demand the author of the article upon the morals of blacklegs and the manners of bullies," it was a delightful resource to be able to say that you, the gentleman then and there engaged in writing, was not the author—that it was one of the other two, but which one you really, etc., etc., etc.

An editor in Kentucky, when the irascible gentlemen call to demand the editor for purposes of flagellation, quietly opens a drawer before him, in which reposes a revolver, cocked, and replies, calmly, "There is the editor, Sir."

But to avoid all unpleasant and unnecessary explanations, we wish to state frankly, in advance, that we wrote all the papers under the head of Lounger. If any complaints are to be made, let them be addressed to us. If any suggestions are to be offered, we shall be most happy to receive them—as also public dinners, services of plate, medals, votes of thanks, testimonials of esteem, complimentary verses, copies of new works from the authors, and gold snuff-boxes containing the freedom of cities.

But for the heavy-mustached gentleman we may as well state, with equal distinctness, that we are never in. We have gone out on business. We have left town for a few days. We are ill in the country. We have just gone to dinner; be back immediately. Walk in and take a newspaper.

THE NEW PICTURES.

IF in these days of excitement there be any man in search of a sensation, let him pass an hour in Wall Street, bumped and buffeted by the swarm of eager men chasing the chance of a dollar, and then join the ceaseless stream that flows up Broadway, and turn aside at the old Art Union gallery above Broome Street.

There he will find a long hall, with pictures hung all over the walls—pictures of peace, and ease, and repose—silent songs and poems, as it were, and, more striking than the pictures themselves at this time, groups of people standing as tranquilly as if all the notes in the world were paid, and they had just quaffed from the fountain of oblivion. The doctors who are prescribing for the panic could suggest nothing more effectual than a course of the French, English, and German pictures. They are sedatives to the eye and mind. Like ripe fruit, like flowers in blossom, they please the sense and touch the imagination.

Some weeks since a modest claim was made in these columns for New York as a metropolis. But a stronger argument is now presented in the fact that we have what can not elsewhere be seen—three complete galleries illustrative of the three living schools of art, the English, the German, and the French. It is having Europe, in one of its pleasantest aspects, brought to our doors. The thoughtful Silenzio, who had intended to make a little European tour to study contemporary pictures, says that he has unpacked his valise since these galleries opened, and will study the Pre-Raphaelites, the Water Colorists, Fière, Rosa Bonheur, the French Landscapists, Lessing, and the Düsseldorfers here in New York.

So can we all. At the moment when general poverty makes travel a luxury again, we can make the grand tour in Broadway, and know as much as many men who cross the sea. For good pictures not only represent the scenes they depict, but the circumstances under which they are produced.

A portrait by Titian is a picture of Venice. Study it long enough, look into it, and again and again, and lo! the forms upon the canvas melt in a broader, deeper, richer glow; you are floating upon the Lagune, poised between a pomp of Italian skies and the gorgeous calm of sunset waters: you approach in deepening shades the silent and mysterious city: you float in alternate lights and shadows, splendors and glooms: triumphal processions sweep over rippling streets, and the sunset water upon which you floated is shored with carved cliffs of romantic architecture: church, and prison, and palace, and leaping bridge; vast doorways with marble steps beyond, and gleams of moonlight upon marble terraces: Jessica leaning upon the balustrade; Lucrezia Borgia leading on to the banquet; songs of Tasso trembling along the distance, and mingling with the toll of bells: whatever is voluptuous in nature, whatever is sumptuous in association, bright eyes, and birds, and singing—silence, and masks, and poison—in one word, Venice—are on every canvas that Titian, and Giorgione, and Tintoretto touched, if only your eyes cling to them until they extract their sweetness.

Or here, in the French gallery, look at the *Minstrel* by Thomas Couture. It is by no means one of the best works of the artist, but it is entirely characteristic. What grace, and breadth, and brilliancy, and sentiment! It is a natural sentiment, although romantic, and not such as we should encounter upon our wharves or in our fields. What self-possession the picture shows, what facility, what power!

But is it only a minstrel pausing upon his guitar? Look longer, and you shall see PARIS disengage itself from that simple group, and stand bare and unblushing before you. Gross, sensual, without a moral lift, with low brows and matted hair—in all its grace, grossness; in all its sentiment, sensuality—the painter could not help it; his birth and circumstances, the social influence around him, that awful spirit which may not be named which stamps the tone upon all works of creative talent, and makes this one Greek and that Roman, this classic and that romantic, has labeled the *Minstrel*, Paris, Paris.

You see nothing of the kind? You think it is rather woolly? You think there is a great deal of nonsense talked about pictures? So do we, when we hear you call that woolly; that is to say, we each like our own opinion best.

Mr. Ruskin, who is the autocrat of art criticism in England, says that the excellence of pictures is not a matter of taste; that if a man likes a bad picture, the picture is not therefore good; and that study will enable you to ascertain what are the true principles of art, and observation will teach you whether a particular picture conforms.

Yes, but then Mr. Ruskin laughs at Claude. He might as well laugh at the sunset. If Claude painted poor pictures, then let us be content with poverty. Turner is gorgeous; Claude is not less delicious. That Arcadian loveliness; that eternal summer; that

> "Happy melodist unwearied,
> Forever piping songs forever new;"

that impossible architecture upon seas over which the setting sun is burning through clustering masts; those tranquil fields; those melting mountains—if they are to be shot as rubbish, let us all go down the dust-hole.

The English gallery, which is open at the new rooms of the National Academy in Tenth Street, has admirable specimens of the Pre-Raphaelite and Water Color schools. The latter, which is a prominent department in English art, is unknown to us. There are several Turners, Prouts, Coxes, among those now here. Of the Pre-Raphaelites there are the *Light of the World* and *Eve of St. Agnes*, the *Ophelia* and *Lear*. It is a capital illustrative gallery. Some Mulreadys and Turners in oil are to come.

For several weeks the pictures are to be here. The French are all for sale, at most reasonable

prices, and some of the English. We shall often walk there. They are places for Loungers; then we shall return and chat with you.

PANIC AND PLEASURE.

THE French historians record the number of theatres open in Paris during the Reign of Terror, and inform us that Marat was addicted to fondling kittens. Nothing seems to destroy the fascination of public amusement. The old Roman emperors governed their turbulent masses by games quite as much as by the legions, and all the later French governments have understood the value of public entertainment.

The despotic Panic, which rules us as sternly as ever Tiberius or Caligula ruled, and which cuts off hopes as remorselessly as ever Marat cut off heads, can not close the doors of the theatres, and within the charmed circle of the stage his terrors are paralyzed.

Of course no Lounger will find the audiences unchanged; the houses are not always full, and there will be talk of disaster between the acts. He may even hear comparisons of poverty and resolutions of economy; he will hardly escape noticing fewer gloves than usual, and many pairs evidently on duty for more than the second time. There is indeed this comfort in the crisis, that *Lucia* sounds as sadly sweet, and *Don Giovanni* as tragically festal, in poplin as in silk; and no old glove can exclude the tenderness of Romeo, or put aside the towering grotesqueness of Meg Merrilies. Even yesterday's shirt is not proof against the sparkling grace of Rolla, and a colored cravat does not destroy all sympathy with the insane cravat-end of Toodles.

Miss Cushman has displayed the tradition of the English school of actors, Rolla and the Ronzanies have kicked up their heels, La Grange and Frezzolini have sung, the Minstrels have burlesqued, Thalberg has played, Vieuxtemps has fiddled, and the moneyless people have taken their pleasure not precisely sadly, although in smaller numbers.

But to tell the truth it is not very pleasant business. If you know your neighbor was ruined last week, the clown does not seem very funny. If you know he is meditating next week's catastrophe, the tragedy on the stage is tame. Indeed, a genuine Lounger is apt to find his play at the theatre in the boxes rather than on the stage. He hears the words of Lear and Goneril, but his eyes wander off to old Ox and the calm Miss Heifer sitting by him. It may be Romeo and Juliet upon the stage, but it is Tom and Sue in the balcony. He sees Hamlet fall, or Edgardo, but love and sorrow are before as well as behind the footlights. He hears the theatric hack with dramatic whine declare that all the world's a stage, and men and women merely players, and the Lounger, muffled in his cloak, or sitting in white gloves upon the red plush seat, ejaculates, "Amen! amen!"

The laugh that comes from tickling is not merry. Gay hearts only laugh gayly. If the Panic has touched you sorely, don't think you can shake off the scar in a play-house. But if it is only a morbid fear that disturbs you, a comedian is your best doctor. A consumptive invalid takes his weak lungs with him to Nice or Naples; but a hypochondriac may drop his disease at Cape Race. The Muslim are not orthodox, but when the bowstring is round your neck, fate is as good a word as any other; so when the hand of reverse is laid upon a man, if he is still cheerful let him smile, and do whatever will confirm his cheerfulness; and before he feels the hand let him do likewise. But when the hand throttles him, to exhort him to grin is advice thrown away.

PANACEAS FOR THE PANIC.

A LOUNGER who reads what goes before will naturally say that he has seen very different advice urged upon the miserable patients of the panic. The following may be mentioned as a digest of the good counsel which has been offered in the hospital.

First. Pay your debts.
Second. Pay them in full, upon the day.
Third. Ask no extensions, but give them freely.
Fourth. Ask no loans of friends or banks.
Fifth. Keep a good appetite,
Sixth. And a good digestion.
Seventh. Live generously.
Eighth. Don't overwork yourself.
Ninth. Don't be anxious,
Tenth. But calm and hopeful.
Eleventh. Sleep soundly,
Twelfth. And dream of Pactolus.
Thirteenth. Consider Panic gammon.
Fourteenth. Lend to your friends and the banks, and give generously to the poor.
Fifteenth. Be happy.

Now, if every man will only follow this simple regimen, we shall make short work of this ridiculous alarm in business, and soon set the frightened world upon its legs again. The following additional supplementary suggestions to the same end of the general welfare, will naturally occur to every Lounger:

First. In sudden spasms of toothache, laugh.
Second. When you have lock-jaw, talk freely.
Third. In case of colic, read Plato.
Fourth. In extreme cases of consumption, draw long breaths,
Fifth. And inflate the weak lungs of your neighbors.
Sixth. Avoid hectic in the cheeks,
Seventh. And omit all night-sweats.
Eighth. Consider disease a delusion,
Ninth. And throw physic to the dogs.

Here are plain rules. It only needs that men should practice the supplement as well as the original regulations, and more than one Panic will be cured. The suggestions are all equally feasible. Let us all make a great effort; bankrupts and victims of the toothache in front.

READING FOR THE PANIC.

ALTHOUGH the times are so hard, and we are all so poor, we must still read; and, happily, spite of poverty, it is not essential that we should read poor books. The truth is, that good books, like good wines, are now to be had at very reasonable prices. A man may make a library for very little money. And if he has money in his pocket, let him take heart and spend it. The world is not at an end. There is going to be plenty of money spent yet; plenty of good reading, and jolly writing. Wall Street is in a fair way of being virtuous, but there shall still be cakes and ale.

Here, for instance, is Dr. Noyes's *Roumania*, a capital book of travels along the Valley of the Danube, a region of which the Romans knew more than we know. The young *medico* slides along the great river from Vienna, where he had been carving Austrians, and he rubs his eyes with that magic ointment called good sense and enthusiasm—for they are much the same thing, like charcoal and diamond. He goes to Pesth, and then, happy *medico!* he goes farther. Who has climbed the high hill at Buda, and strained his eyes eastward and southward, seeing under his feet the bulbous dome and slim spire of Oriental architecture, and has not wished to do what the Doctor did—follow the river through the dark, inscrutable land, under cliff, through lonely meadow, along the vast silent plain walled to the north by the Carpathian, to the south by the Balkan, and so, touching at "historic Belgrade," reach at length the Euxine, and float beyond it through Sweet Waters, and around the Golden Horn to Stamboul?

But the Doctor not only did this, but he stopped at Bucharest, in Wallachia, during the war—he coursed over the Wallachian steppes in raging tempests—he heard the songs and traditions, saw the dances, shared the life of the Danubian peasants, and invites us to sit down with him to the remembrance of it all. The book is so candid, so ingenuous, so fresh, and elastic, that whoever wishes to take a little tour beyond the circle of his daily troubles may wisely trust himself to the *medico*, and be sure that he will return refreshed.

Or will you have poetry? Here are *City Poems*, by Alexander Smith. Three or four years ago a young man not only proved one day that the publisher's pet theory of "poetry a drug" was untrue, but he triumphed over his own name, and did for it what the two Sidneys, and Horace, and James had done—he made it famous. The volume of verse he published was successful beyond any first appearance upon record. And there were sufficient reasons for it. It was what may be called purple poetry. It was highly, voluptuously colored—it had great play of fancy—it was studded with images, like a hill-side with buttercups—it had a kind of morbid intensity, which young people without experience mistake for passion; the author himself made that mistake—it was a feast of cloying richness, but those who had sat at other tables constantly detected remembered flavors. "Surely Keats gave me that; Tennyson offered me this." It was as bewildering as a new Italian opera, which is merely all the old ones melted together.

Nobody was quite sure that there was a new poet, but every body thought there might be. Beautiful metaphors—bursts of music—happy conceits—were all there. Nor can there be any question that it was a splendid blossoming. Like those blooms that cover the fruit trees with pink and purple mists in May, the promise was fine, whether any performance followed or not.

Now come, after four years, *City Poems*. Why *City Poems?* They are of the same general character as the first. They have the same luxuriance of fancy—the same felicitous lines—but nothing more mellow or mature. The book seems to have been written because he thought he ought to write another book. There is another book, but is there another poet?

But if neither travels nor poetry suit you, will you try a magazine? Here is our namesake; it shall be as gay, as serious, as sparkling as you choose. It is an instrument of many stops. This month Hoppin has added another grace to the most successful of recent poems, *Nothing to Wear*. The *Westminster Review* of this quarter quotes the whole of it with praise. There is also, in our monthly contemporary, an abstract of Lord Dufferin's most entertaining yacht voyage to Iceland, with all the illustrations. But for a Lounger in the *Weekly* to commend the *Monthly*, is like a jolly-boat patronizing a man-of-war. And this man-of-war carries a hundred and seventy thousand guns; once every month, twelve times a year, that is its multitudinous broadside. But it does not scatter dismay about it, but delight. It does not come into the house as so many foes, but as a cheerful, old family friend, with his mind and memory stored for you, his hands throwing flowers to the girls, and his wallet full of nuts for the children. While you talk politics, or quarrel about sects, he holds his tongue and listens. You wish he would take your side—your neighbor hopes to secure him for his. But he smilingly tells you that is not his business. He quarrels with nobody who chooses that kind of conversation. But he will tell your wife a story, and set your boys laughing, while you and your neighbor are proving each other in the wrong. There is always room for such a friend at the fireside; and as the long evenings begin to close in, his cheerful society will be doubly welcome.

A PEEP AT THE PICTURES.

BY A PERSON WHO KNOWS NOTHING ABOUT ART.

UP town has come pretty near to having a sensation—what some of our Boston friends would call an "art-thrill," though what that is I really don't know.

What is it all about? Listen!

In that romantic region of Tenth Street which is cut by Broadway and the Fourth Avenue into a flattened crescent, the National Academy of Design (whatever that is) have got some new galleries, to see which the girls have to go up a great many flights of stairs, which must fatigue the dear little arrangements that they get about upon very much indeed. The view from the exterior of the gallery is charming in the extreme. Every line is mellow and artistic. On the Broadway side is a billiard-room, much frequented by young men with attenuated legs and a predominance of mind over matter—that is, clothes over flesh. The convenience of this arrangement is apparent to the meanest conception. Anna Maria desires to go and see the pictures because it is quite the thing (she's a pretty picture herself, the dear little angel, in her new promenade costume); and Charles Henry will go down with her to pilot her by the charming old lady who sits at the door like an avenging Nemesis, and reminds you of iced cream and vinegar admixed. The pictures are bores to Charles, you know, and he asks how many games of billiards the thing will go into. Anna Maria has at Rockaway vanquished various young women at the noble science of the cue, and she knows what she is talking about when she says "Four singles, or two matches." Whereupon Charles Henry, with that lightness of step and gayety of countenance which a long course of billiards and brandy only gives, hies away to his game.

If Anna Maria, fatigued in advance by the precipician (good gracious!) aspect of the stair-case, casts those dear eyes toward the opposite side of Tenth Street, she will behold a stable, which will at once suggest Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, and Herring. To make the view entirely Pre-Raphaelite, there is a real grocery wagon in front of the stable—a grocery wagon as it is—with no line mellowed, no angle smoothed. Next door, toward Broadway, stands a plumber's shop, in all the grand severity and subtle simplicity of the same school; while on the corner of the Avenue is a ruined grocery, which is more Pre-Raphaelite than the Pre-Raphaelites—more Roman than the Romans themselves. On the Avenue there is a "hoss" car (as our Western friends call it), which would delight Madox Brown, such is the conductor's attention to detail; while down Tenth Street some Titianesque boys are tying a Dusseldorf tin-kettle to the tail of a *malheur dog*.

So you see, most amiable of editors, the location of the new galleries is admirably *apropos*. There is a nice gilt eagle over the door (I'm not sure about whether or not it is an eagle), and a pretty sign in gold letters, and the *ensemble* is very gay.

So, being placed by the surroundings in a thoroughly artistic frame of mind, we go to see the American Exhibition of British Art, the advertisement whereof announces that the projectors do not expect to make any money out of it, but do it from pure love of art. Which announcement is *naive*, and refreshing in the extreme.

The pictures are something over three hundred in number, and as the gallery is cut up into apartments about the size of a station-house cell, one is stunned by the most surprising effects at every turn. They have put poor "Prince Hal" in a corner by himself. It was certainly very wicked for him to "try on" his father's crown before the old gentleman's absolute decease, but young New York does it every day, and young New York is not crushed in consequence. However, the Academy people always did have curious ideas on some subjects. Was there ever a sane Academician—sane at all points? I doubt it. What's that? Is any body sane, *at all points?* Excuse me, every body does not have an Academician's opportunity to annoy people. You and I might be as mad as March hares (though *I* really could never see why they should be more mad than any other hares), and no one would care sixpence about it. However, our Academicians will never go mad for the cause assigned by Festus to Paul.

I have seen a great many picture galleries—have had my head packed with master-pieces, the very catalogues of which would make a respectable library, but never *such* a gallery as this. However, let us imitate the philosophy of Cervantes—be thankful for what we have, and never look a gift horse in the mouth, although, for my part, I never had any anxiety to look any horse, gift or otherwise, in the mouth. I don't think it the correct thing.

The Pre-Raphaelite pictures, particularly Hunt's "Light of the World," attract the greatest attention. This is really a wonderful piece of work, and if you detest the school as I do, you can not help being delighted with the admirable way in which the details are executed.

Ruskin, between whom and myself there is only the slight difference that he knows something about art and I don't, says that he stood by this picture for half an hour watching its effect upon the people who came to see its first exhibition. I imitated Ruskin, listened to the ladies—bless 'em—particularly, and here is what they said in a tabular form:

"Charmings"	24
"How Sweets!"	20
"Beautifuls"	60
"Pshaws!" (with nasal elevations)	80
Do. (without do.)	40
"Admirables"	35
"Don't think much of its"	64
"Superbs"	4
"Humbugs"*	2
"Oh Gusty! ain't you glad you came?"	1
"Good gracious! how nice!"	1
"Murmurs about what I saw in Paris"	3
Do. do. at the "Pitti Palace"	25
"I must get pa to buy it"	1
"I wouldn't have it in the house"	1

You shall find, also, numerous dissentient opinions as to the "King Lear" of Madox Brown. The artist has sent us but one picture, doubtless believing that that would give us quite enough to talk about. To my mind, leaving technicalities out of the matter, this picture is a complete realization of the idea of the poet. Likewise can I commend the "Ophelia" of Arthur Hughes—the fair maiden prepared to overstep this bank and shoal of time—the victim crowning herself for the sacrifice with flowers, than which she was no less lovely. Contrast this picture with the "London Magdalen," by Mr. Burton. Ophelia kneels under the willow that

"——— grows ascaunt the brook—
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples."

That crazed face—how sweet even in its hopeless vacuity! It says, indeed, "the violets withered all when my father died." Now look at the "London Magdalen." If you have wandered about the Strand at night, nigh unto Temple Bar—ay, and hard upon the confines of Mayfair—you can not fail to recognize in that neat figure, that cheap but clean attire, that thoroughly English face, those pure blue eyes, the type of the London street-girl, whom Dickens has drawn so finely in the Martha of "Copperfield." Hard upon them presses the great wilderness of brick and mortar. Up and down the dismal, dark streets they must go unceasingly. For them no one stretches out the hand to uplift, to cherish, or to succor. For them no voice is raised—the arrows of the guiltless and the guilty as well fall upon them in pitiless showers. What wonder that this Magdalen should be found kneeling under the sombre arches of that dread bridge, which echo, day by day, and night by night, the sorrows and the joys, and the groans and the sighs of half a million immortal souls—her hands clasped—her eyes raised to heaven in the agony of a last prayer, before she makes the final leap into the black, boiling waters of old Thames?

Can't you see the similarity between "Ophelia" and Mary Jane Smith, aged seventeen, who was arrested by B 1777, while attempting to throw herself from the parapet of Waterloo Bridge? "Melancholy is a good thing and a satisfyin," but don't let us have too much of it. Let us turn toward those delicious landscapes by Oakes, "The Isle of Arran," and that bit of Welsh scenery, out of the prettiest spot in all Denbighshire. There's something, girls, for you to waste your pretty prattle upon! Likewise the water-color pictures—the glory of the exhibition. They are worthy a separate article, and they may get it.

Well, we must leave the English Exhibition, like a half-blown rose, or a young lady with one side of her head in curl-papers—both look better the next time we see them—and walk majestically, as becomes a critic, down to the old Art-Union Rooms, whereat are exhibited certain pictures by living French artists—the directors being, equally with the English martyrs, astonishingly free from all sordid motives.

It is just a nice little promenade from Tenth Street down to four hundred and something—the ladies look smiling over their cheap dry-goods, and even the men do not seem to entertain any fixed suicidal intentions; and when we reach the old rooms, we find them certainly no newer than ever, and quite as dirty. In the present depressed condition of the carpet-shaking business (see reports of all the trades in the daily papers), I think the liberal directors might have had that old red becking freed from some of the geological deposits of former ages. Never mind; I never go in these rooms without thinking of the *naiveté* of a friend of my early days—a lady whom I invited to see the collection of somebody or other here, a good while ago. Sophonisba was a bit of an artist, but more of a flirt. Likewise a Bostonian. "I, too, am Athenian;" and unto Sophonisba, being at the time quite a cub, was I much drawn. So soon as she entered I mildly directed her attention to a *chef-d'œuvre*. "Charming!" she remarked, laying the smallest of kid gloves, with something nice inside, on my unresisting paw; "but, good gracious! *what nice places you do have in New York to get up flirtations in, to be sure!*"

Sophonisba is a matron now. She leads society at some place in the antipodes, and I—I am a Bohemian bachelor with some gray hair in my mustache, but I believe she will yet remember that pleasant hour or so "between lunch and dinner."

But these are vanities. That portrait by young Dubufe of S. M. l'Imperatrice is a capital reality. I do remember her blonde Majesty in the leafy alleys of Saint Cloud, one summer Sunday, whereon the *grandes eaux* played, and all Paris flocked to the sweet retreat which the first Napoleon so loved. No fairer dame than Eugénie ever saw the grand hunts in the gilded days of Louis Quatorze—La Vallière herself couldn't have been so sweet. "Sweet," that's the word, melting blue eyes, the rosiest mouth in the world, with sensuous lips curled outward like the expanded petal of some delicious flower, with the honey waiting for the bee! Yes, I know it's pretty strong, but one has a perfect right to fall in love with an empress—it can't be any thing but Platonic. Besides seeing the actual corporeal substance of *S. M.*, I had the pleasure to behold her at the exhibition in the *Champs Elysees* in canvas, in all sorts of shapes, riding, walking, sitting, receiving her well-beloved cousin Victoria; in fact, as the oyster-saloons say, served up in every style. I think this portrait the best. Likewise admirable is "Rosa Bonheur," by the same hand; she hath a bull for her companion at the sitting. That is convenient, because should the artist or the sitter become hungered, they could have a fresh *filet sauté* in the studio!

I hope some of the "gentlemen of the press," who have been writing of Rosa as a tender, delicate little thing, will spend some time over this portrait, whereby their idol will be shattered; but they will learn that they can not offend against truth and the laws of nature also without being found out. She is a bit "flattered" here, but she is still large, and somewhat strong and coarse. Every line of her face shows force, tempered by true artistic feeling, and directed to one purpose by undaunted perseverance.

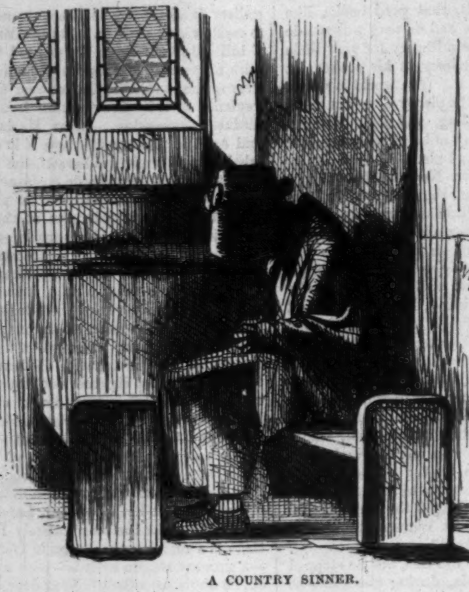
Rosa sends us some Normandy cattle which are admirable to look at, but "not good to eat," as I heard a material young woman say. I shall explain to that young woman, with your permission, her terrible error.

I am afraid, most amiable, that the readers of *Harper* have enough of me for one week. So I shall get out, and you may "presently call the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a" bore.

BOHEMIEN.

* By two Low-Church ladies in blue spectacles.

A CITY SINNER.



A COUNTRY SINNER.

"HAVE MERCY UPON US MISERABLE SINNERS."

THE CITY CHURCH AND THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE CITY CHURCH.

The crack Church in the Avenue is very fine and new;
Pure Gothic down to *reredos*, and *sedilia*, and *piscina*;
With poppy-heads on open seats—we scorn the cushioned pew—
And our curate he intoneth, so that nothing can be finer;
And we've candles on the altar, and occasionally flowers—
In short, a small St. Barnabas is this new Church of ours.

"So primitive!" our curate says—"so truly Apostolic!
No Protestant distinctions of private seats and free!
Each portion of the building has significance symbolic:"
Though, save the poppy-heads, naught's significant to me.
Their soporific meaning is clearly to be seen,
Thanks to the comment furnished by the sleeping heads between.

But finer than our fine new Church—tiles, altar-cloth, and all—
The gules, and or, and azure on nave and chancel pane—
And early-English lettering emblazoned on the wall—
Are the "miserable sinners" whom these open seats contain:
Oh! the cloud of summer-muslins—oh! the flowered and beaded show
Of tiny summer bonnets, in gorgeous row on row!

Oh! cherry lips, and rosy cheeks, and glossy braided hair,
Crowned with dancing, dancing bugles, and flowers of myriad dyes!
The Curate he intoneth, but what thought have I for prayer,
'Mid the rustle of the crinolines, the flashing of the eyes?
Are these miserable sinners, come for prayer, and praise, and psalm,
Or an animated series from *Le Colurrier des Dames*?

And the Rector takes his text, and is eloquent upon it—
How that "all things here are vanity, and swiftly pass away;"
And each lady scans the pattern of her neighbor's gown or bonnet,
And each gentleman's a critic of toilets for the day.
And out I come, much edified, 'mid the organ's solemn swells,
With a lively sense how much I owe to these "church-going belles."

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

The Old Church at the village is very damp and small:
And the house-leek and the moss clothe its low-pitched roof with green;
And the inside has no primitive symbolicism at all—
Nor *reredos*, nor *sedilia*, nor *piscina*'s to be seen;
And 'tis blocked up with a gallery, and desecrate with pews,
And it shrinks back, gray and shabby, behind its church-yard yews.

No painted window casteth a dim religious light:
No encaustic Minton-tiling hides the damp and broken floor:
The Creed and Ten Commandments are in modern letters quite:
On hard and narrow free-seats, sit the humble village poor:
But the "miserable sinners" those narrow seats within,
Show more misery than our city church M.S., if not more sin.

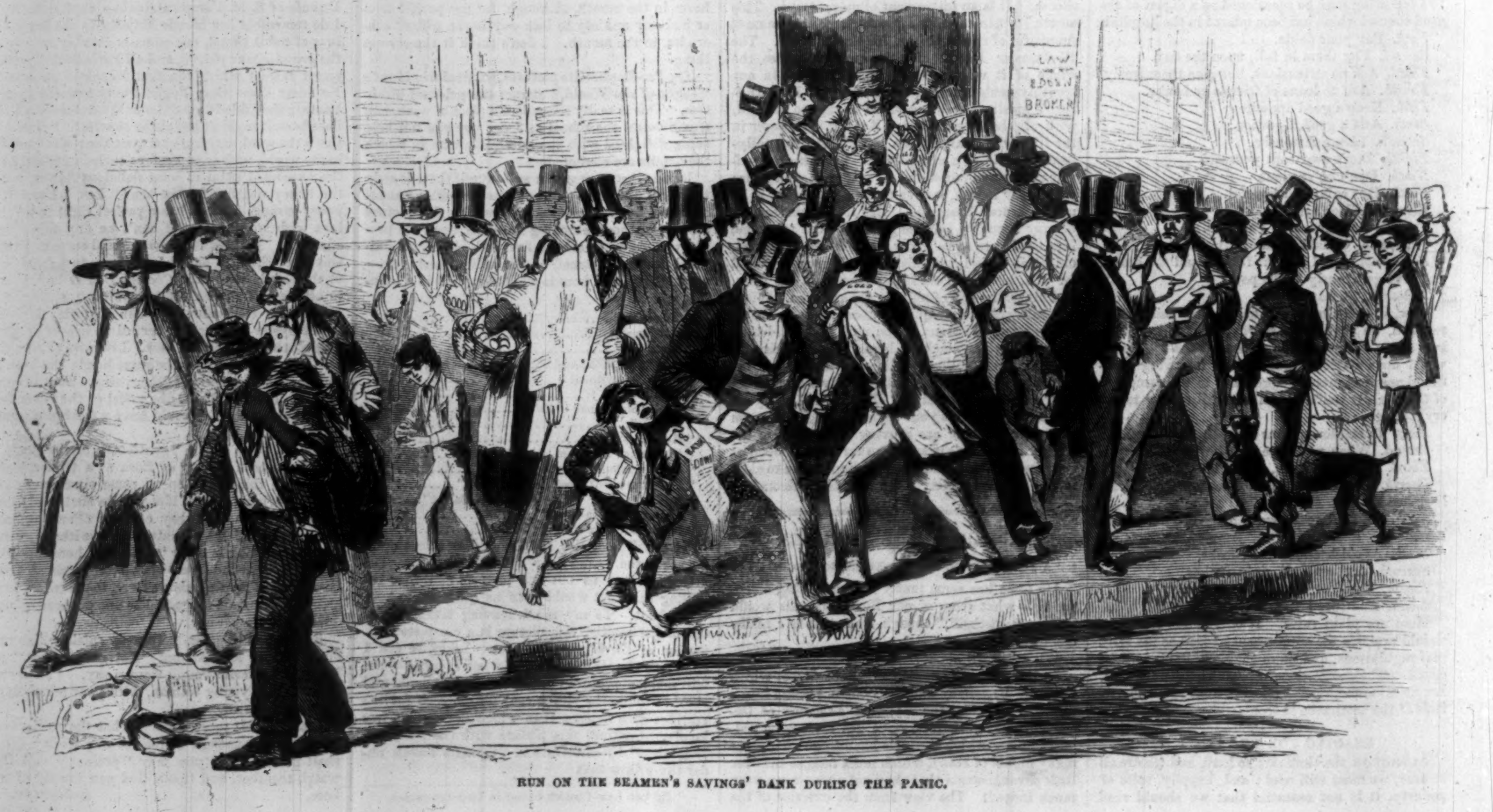
But through the open porch comes the sweet, sweet summer air,
And the rustle of the church-yard trees blends sweetly with the psalm,
And their ever-moving shadow checkers each pavement-square,
And all about the humble place there broods a holy calm;
And crinolines and flounces, beads and bugles are unknown:
So I sit and stilly worship, as if I were alone.

Till I hear a sigh beside me and a smothered sound of prayer—
And turning, with bowed head and clasped fingers, at my side,
Of a miserable sinner I am suddenly aware—
An old dame in poke bonnet, and scanty cloak new-dyed:
And I thought how such a spectacle, in that New Church of ours,
Would jar with bran-new symbols, and bugles, beads, and flowers!

And I felt how these two Churches, and their worshipers agree;
Tiles, glass, and chanting curate, flowery altar, painted stone,
With rustling crinolines, beads and bugles flashing free,
And this poor old village church with that still and stooping crone:
And in spite of pews and gallery, low roof, and windows bare,
I was somehow nearer Heaven in that lowly house of prayer.

THE RUN ON THE SEAMEN'S SAVINGS' BANK.

The accompanying illustration represents the run which took place during the panic on the Seamen's Savings' Bank in Wall Street. Our artist—who did not bank with that institution—seems to have viewed the scene in a humorous light; the only one, by-the-way, that comported with a just view of the condition of the bank and the action of its agitated depositors. Our artist seems to have seen a stout, worthy member of the Society of Friends, in a fit of indignation, throw a bundle of railway scrip into the gutter, and a German rag-picker hesitate before he cumbered his bag with such worthless trash. Such scenes, and others equally comic and absurd, were frequently witnessed on that memorable day, and deserve to be handed down to posterity by the vivid pencil of our conscientious artist.



RUN ON THE SEAMEN'S SAVINGS' BANK DURING THE PANIC.

THE DEPARTURE.

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XIX.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Departure from Damascus.—Valley of the Pharphar.—The Lebanon Hills.—A Party of Druses.—An Invitation to Beitedin.—Miss Grandison and the Arab Horses.—The Palace of the Druses.—Their Religion and Ceremonies.

THERE was not much done for a week after my last was sent. John continued to improve from day to day, and Miss Grandison's attentions sufficed to make him forget the tediousness of confinement. When he at length got upon his feet, and next on his horse, we rode gently along the streets, and occasionally out among the gardens and groves, until he was in as good condition as ever, and then we prepared to leave Damascus.

Our proposed route lay through the valleys and over the hills of Lebanon. I had great desire to penetrate some of those ravines in which tradition locates the glories of ancient cities; and accordingly I laid my plans for a thorough exploration of the Lebanon country.

I can not in these brief letters do more than suggest to you the line of my wanderings. Volumes would be necessary to describe any one day's travel, and the associations to which its scenes were allied.

The Bible abounds in so many incidents connected with Lebanon that every hour on these hills was full of startling illustrations of prophecy fulfilled.

We rode out of Damascus at evening, and camped on the summit of the first ridge of the hills which is to be ascended on the road to Beyrout. Over this road the commerce of Damascus is carried on, goods being conveyed across from or to Beyrout on mules or camels. The mule-trains are moving constantly, in greater or less numbers, and as they descend into the valley of Damascus they pass a narrow gorge in the hill-side, where is a custom-house, and where the city collects its duties.

I can not linger on the incidents of our journey. Sir John and his daughter had become our traveling companions, and with them we followed up the course of the Pharphar, resting two nights on its banks, once near the grand spring at Fiji, and once above the tombs of Abila, and nearly as far west as the great plain which separates Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon.

We were sitting on our horses, ready for a start, on the third morning. The lofty brow of Mount Hermon was shining majestically in the early sunlight. Every thing in the scene was grand and stately. The tents were struck, the baggage-mules laden, and we were about to move northward, when our plans were interrupted by an invasion of our camp.

Ten magnificent-looking fellows, on Arabian mares of unblemished beauty, themselves and their horses covered from head to foot with silk and gold, dashed like a tempest across the plain, and drew up before us, one of the party dismounting and advancing on foot to speak to Sir John.

MARRIAGE PROCESSION AMONG THE DRUSES.

The Englishman had been of service to the Druse—for he was a Druse—and the latter had heard of the arrival of our party in the Lebanon country, and had come to do honor to his benefactor.

That part of the Lebanon mountains which lies southeast of Beyrout is in possession, chiefly, of the Druses, a tribe known to fame for many exploits, but of whom perhaps less is really known in America than of any other of the Oriental nations; for they are a nation. I believe them to be industrious beyond any of the Syrians, and hence it is that they are wealthy. Their houses abound in comforts and luxuries, and they dress and equip themselves in gorgeous style.

"You must go with me to Beitedin," said the young chief, "and see the palaces of the Emir."

"How far hence is it?"

"Three days; but you shall live comfortably on the way, and shall have a palace to yourselves there."

We consulted, sitting in our saddles. Steenburger was passive, Miss Grandison was active in her desire to accept the invitation. Of course we yielded, and in three minutes the splendid creature was going at a gallop across the plain, racing with ten screaming, shouting Druses, and beating them at that, for she took a stream at a leap that none of them dared try, and left them gaping with wonder behind her.

That is, probably gaping, but no one could affirm it, since they cover their faces with white cloths as sedulously as do the women with vails.

GOODS FOR DAMASCUS.

Glorious three days of mountain travel were those, while we wound around among the ravines of Lebanon. Here, we said, the men of Hiram hewed. There the great temple grew—the temple in which the glory of God dwelt visibly to man.

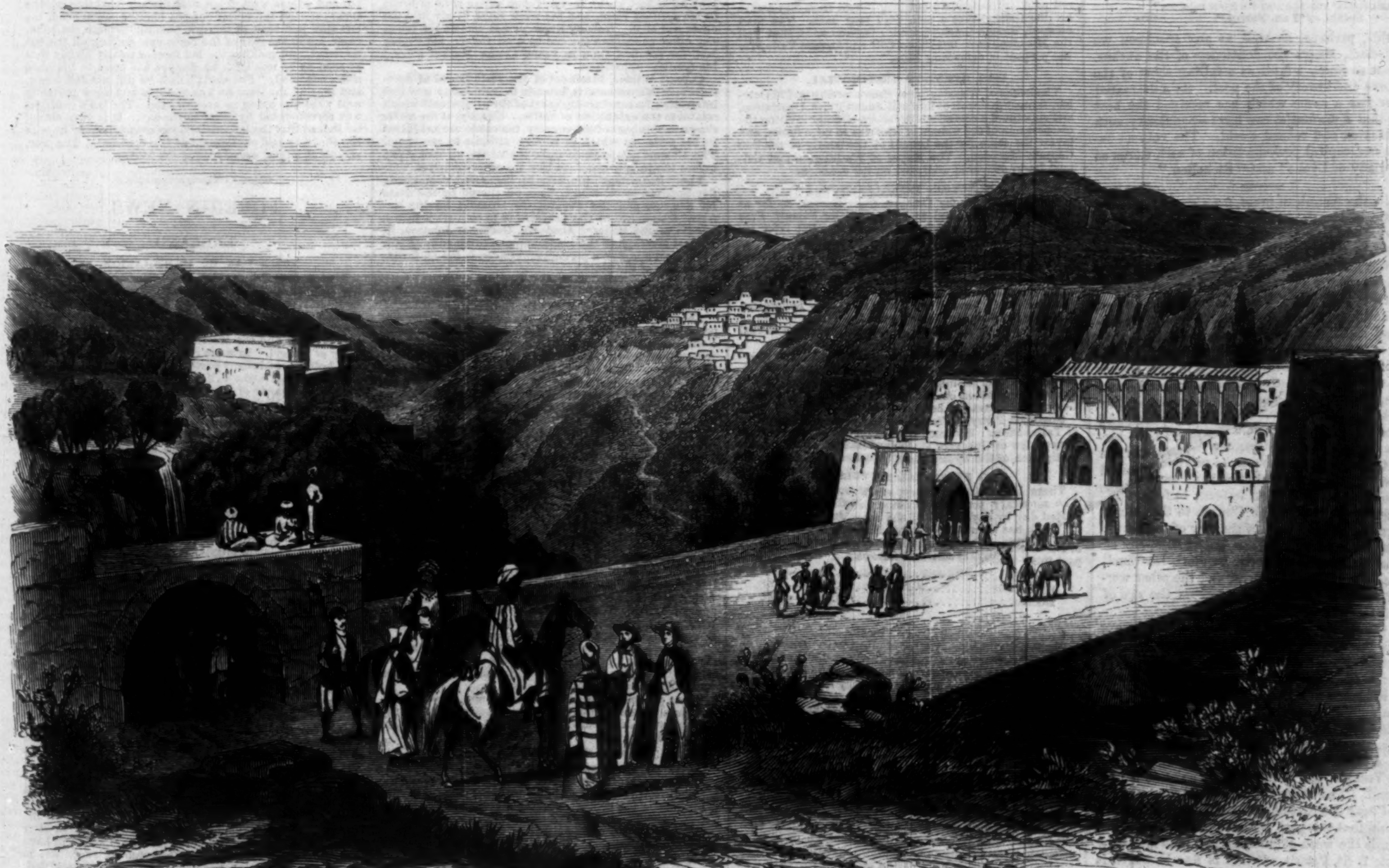
Nowhere is the sublimity of fulfilled prophecy more manifest than here. "Lebanon shall fall mightily," said Isaiah of old, and the cold sunshine on the morning snow of her summits is the last sad semblance of the ancient splendor of her cities, and temples, and palaces.

At Deir-el-Ghamar we found, indeed, a palace that might serve to remind us of the ancient days. Here are the head-quarters of the Druses, the residence of the Emir, and the centre of his power. It is in a savage gorge of the mountains. Had we thought of visiting it some weeks ago, we could have come up in a day from Sidon.

The most striking feature of the Druse villages is the head-dress which the women wear, and which you have often heard described. I allude to a horn or hollow tube, which stands on the head and supports a vail. They all wear the horn, more or less costly, as their circumstances allow. Many are silver, more brass. The chief lady of the Emir's harem wears one of gold, elegantly ornamented with jewels. This is by many supposed to be the dress alluded to in the Psalms, when David speaks of the exaltation of the horns of the righteous.

We were received with the utmost attention. Miss Grandison was conducted to fine apartments, and servants especially ordered to attend her. We, too, were admirably lodged, and were willing to linger many days in Beitedin.

I confess to a certain degree of curiosity, which, perhaps, was a violation of the laws of hospitality. I much desired to obtain an insight into the Druse religious observances and ceremonies. But my wish was vain. Their creed is a Mohammedan heresy, but how heretical it is no one can conjecture. They worship in mosques, into which only a few privileged persons are admitted. Few, if any, of the women have any idea of religion. The



BEITEDIN—IN MOUNT LEBANON—RESIDENCE OF THE DRUSE EMIR.

ordinary classes of people know as little. There is a sort of freemasonry in the religion of the Druses, with grades and degrees into which they admit each other; but a more profound mystery overhangs their creed than is known to cover any other religious belief adopted by man.

For the rest, they are affable, and, to Christians especially, are kind. Mohammedans they abhor. With followers of the Prophet of Mecca they are, in general, fiends incarnate—killing them most unmercifully when they can do so with impunity.

I have little space to say what I would of our stay at the Druse village. There was a marriage while we were there, and a marriage procession; there were tilts and tournaments gotten up for our amusement; and by way of variety, they attacked a Moslem village in earnest, and shot a score or so of followers of the camel-driver; and so four days glided by, and we turned our backs on them with regret.

LITERARY.

Dramas and Poems, *by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.* Boston: Whittemore.

This is a small edition in the familiar "Blue-and-Gold" which has been recently the graceful Boston dress of many of the best authors. Perhaps no author has more signally failed than Bulwer when he published poetry. It is not in him. Scott had proved the saying false that no man could be eminent as a prose writer and a poet. It has been Bulwer's ambition to form another exception to the general rule. Those who know him best personally affirm that he is more anxious about his reputation as a poet than a novelist. He may well be so indeed, since in the one walk of literature his position is foremost, while in the other he has no place at all.

We have heard it stated, on very good authority, that he was very jealous of his son when the latter published his poems not long ago, and that he was not slow in his abuse of the boy's pretensions and efforts. But the younger was the poet of the two without question.

It would, of course, be saying too much to deny that he has written fair poetry. But it has not been such as would place him in any catalogue of the poets of this century were not his name already fixed in the literary world. We have been accustomed to regard as his best work a brief poem called "Memnon:"

> Where Morning first appears,
> Waking the rathe flowers in their eastern bed,
> Aurora still, with her ambrosial tears,
> Weeps for her Memnon dead.
>
> Him the Hesperides
> Nursed on the marge of their enchanted shore,
> And still the smile that then the mother wore
> Dimples the Orient seas.
>
> He died; and lo, the while
> The fire consumed his ashes, glorious things,
> With joyous songs and rainbow-tinted wings,
> Rose from the funeral pile,
>
> He died; and yet became
> A music; and his Theban image broke
> Into sweet sounds that with each sunrise spoke
> The mighty mother's name.
>
> Oh type, thy truth declare!
> Who is the child of the Melodious Morn?
> Who bids the ashes earth receives adorn
> With new-born choirs the air?
>
> What can the statue be
> That ever answers with enchanted voices
> Each rising sun that on its front rejoices?
> Speak!—"I am Poetry."

And this, perhaps, as well as any specimen we could select, shows the deficiency of the author. It is not so much a fault as a falling short of the true force and beauty of the poet. As a dramatist Bulwer has a name which has received the best stamp that a dramatist can have—popularity with the educated and refined world. The volume before us is a capital pocket edition of such works as "The Lady of Lyons" and "Richelieu."

While the American press, for a space, yields to the state of the times, we have leisure to turn to some of the issues of the English publishers which have not been reproduced in this country.

During the past year the issue of very splendid and costly works in England has exceeded, perhaps, all former years. Gorgeous plates, colored [illegible] illuminated works of travel, discovery, biography, a[illegible]d history have abounded.

One of t[illegible] most elegant of these issues is Harford's Life of [illegible] Michael Angelo, in two octavo volumes, illustrated w[illegible] [illegible]ith fine medallion and other [illegible]. The volumes contain portraits and steel plates. [illegible] also excellent notices of Savona[illegible] [illegible]ella, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna. It is a luxury t[illegible] read the history of the age of Lorenzo; to be remin[illegible]ded of the [illegible]unded brilliancy of the galaxy that always surro[illegible] that noble patron of art and letters; to follow t[illegible] bold reformer of the Italian Church to the flames in the grand Ducal square of the city of the Arno; and to trace the history of that grand company of immortal names—Buonarotti, Raphael, Da Vinci, Pinturicchio, Piombo, Volterra, and the other worthies of art who made famous forever the age of Julius II. and Leo X.

But the greatest charm of these books, in our view, is the new character in which we find the great artist presented in the second volume. The traveler to Italy is astonished daily at the evidence of the influence of Michael Angelo on Italian art, and the monuments of his greatness that remain. The steamer, straining and plunging along the short seas of the Mediterranean, dashes at an opening in a high wall, rolls heavily into the port of Civita Vecchia, and is suddenly as quiet as if in a mill-pond. The stranger, eyes and ears open to see and hear the first of the land of art, is rejoiced to be told that this port, with its castles and breakwaters, is the work of Buonarotti. His first view of Rome is St. Peter's, all that is fine in which is by the same great architect. He rushes to the Sistine Chapel, almost before his eyes are clear of dust, to see the dim, half smoke-defaced outlines of "The Judgment." He learns in an hour that Michael Angelo was painter, architect, and sculptor; but he may never know, till he reads this or a similar book, that he was also a poet. If any one doubt it let him read that sad yet triumphant sonnet which, in his eighty-third year, the poet-artist addressed to Vasari, and which ends thus:

> I pensier miei gia de' mie' danni lietti,
> Che fian or s'a due morti m'avvicino?
> L'una m'è certa e l'altra mi minaccia.
> Nè pinger nè scolpir fia più che queti
> L'anima volta a quell' amor divino,
> Ch' aperse a prender noi in croce le braccia.
>
> My thoughts, once prompt round hurtful things to twine,
> What are they now when two dread deaths are near!
> The one impends, the other shakes his spear.
> Painting and Sculpture's aid in vain I crave,
> My one sole refuge is that Love divine
> Which from the Cross stretched forth its arms to save.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

THE STATE OF THE TREASURY.

The receipts into the Treasury for the past month have been only $3,600,000, against $10,600,000 paid out; and the balance in hand now but slightly exceeds ten millions. There has been much talk of the necessity of a loan in order to get through the year; but it is the opinion of Secretary Cobb that no such recourse need be had, as the expenses of the Government may be cut down by reducing the force engaged on public buildings, etc. Considerable economies may be effected in the Navy Department, Post Office, etc.; if, with these, the expenditures for the erection of new Custom-houses are stopped, and Congress agrees to suspend the fishing bounties, and to stop the leaks in the Ocean Mail service, it is believed that the revenue will prove quite adequate for the public necessities. Still, an alteration in the tariff so as to increase the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar, is canvassed in political circles. Large quantities of goods are being stored in the warehouses of New York and other large ports, as a preliminary to being sent back to Europe in consequence of the inability of the importers to pay the duties on them.

NICARAGUAN AFFAIRS.

It is announced, with some flourish, that the Walker expedition for the reconquest of Nicaragua, which has been delayed by the financial pressure, will start about the 1st November. Its destination will be Costa Rica. The force secured, which is said to amount to 2000 men, is deemed sufficient to capture San José, the capital of that State; in which town the conqueror expects to dictate terms of peace to the vanquished. From Nicaragua we hear that the Government has decreed the immediate expulsion from the country of every citizen of the United States, and that nearly all have left, at great sacrifice of property in many instances. While the Nicaraguan Government thus paves the way for more filibustering enterprises, the British Government is understood to have declared its willingness to acquiesce in any arrangement this country may make for the pacification of Central America and the reopening of the Transit Route. It need hardly be added that Señor Yrissari, the Minister from Nicaragua, has not been recognized by Mr. Buchanan.

MORE MORMON OUTRAGES.

A letter has been received in Washington from W. P. Landon, one of the clerks whom the late Surveyor-General (Burr) left in charge of the office, when he, for his own safety, left the Territory of Utah last Spring. He was on the 18th of September, in Placerville, California. In giving an account of his escape from Salt Lake City he says, that while engaged in conversation with a party of emigrants, he was assaulted by a gang of Mormons, led on by a fellow named Dick Pottil, and a ruffian associate, who, without cause, severely beat him with stones and clubs. He was scarcely able to reach home in consequence of his wounds. The same afternoon they attacked the Deputy-Surveyor Mogo with stones. Landon was driven from his home at night, leaving his wife and child at Salt Lake City. After adroitly eluding his armed pursuers, he reached Placerville in the most distressing condition. He says he met on the road the Indian Peter, who used to frequent the Surveyor-General's office. Peter informed him that Brigham Young had sent him out to get horses and carbines. The Indian spared his life because he had on several occasions given him red paint. Landon had not long parted from him before he (the Indian) shot a man with four balls. The man escaped, though much injured. Landon adds, that "all the Mormons have left Placerville and Carson Valley for the purpose of defending Zion."

THE HERNDON TESTIMONIAL.

The ladies of Washington at their meeting on 22d October, formed themselves into a Herndon Fund Association, and appointed a committee to issue a circular inviting the co-operation of the women of America to raise funds, and invest the same for the benefit of the family of the late Captain Herndon. The Mayor of Washington and Colonel Irwin delivered addresses on the occasion.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

The official vote for Delegate from Kansas, so far as ascertained, is reported as being 3374 for Parrott, Free State, and 1989 for Ransom, Democrat. But later accounts swell Parrott's majority to several thousand.

Returns from 72 counties in Ohio give Chase (Republican), a majority of 2027; and there is no doubt but he is elected. The Legislature appears to be Democratic.

Nothing is certain about Iowa, except that in certain counties which have been heard from, the Republican majority falls largely below that of last fall.

It seems likely that Libby, Democrat, has been elected in Minnesota.

The Missouri Legislature met on 20th October. Governor Jackson's message refers wholly to financial affairs. He advises that no more State Bonds be issued, and is averse to legislation on the subject of bank suspensions. Governor Stewart has been duly inaugurated.

Governor Perry of Florida has been duly inaugurated at Tallahassee. His inaugural is mostly devoted to a severe review of Governor Walker of Kansas, and a general castigation of the opponents of Southern fire-eating.

THE FINANCIAL REVULSION.

There is nothing to report since our last summary. The monetary pressure continues, and failures are re[illegible]ted day by day. One of the most important during the wee[illegible] has been that of Robb, Hallett, & Co., bankers, of New York. The total number of failures during the past three mon[illegible]hs is stated as follows:

August	134
September	329
October	489
Total	952

Great efforts are being made by the city and country banks to assist the bringing of produce to the sea-board.

The Democracy of Boston have had a meeting at which they ascribe the revulsion to the policy of the banks, and recommend the use of a specie currency in lieu of paper for the future.

In the Supreme Court Judge Roosevelt has denied a motion for a receiver for the Bank of New York. Mr. John Livingston, a holder of two $100 bills on that bank, having been denied specie for them, declared, on "information and belief," that the bank was insolvent, and prayed that it might be dissolved, enjoined from exercising any of its corporate functions, and a receiver be appointed. Judge Roosevelt reviewed the proceeding, and came to the conclusion that there was not occasion for these extraordinary measures. The plaintiff, as a bill-holder, already possessed the advantage of greater dispatch than an ordinary creditor, and the plaintiff's "information and belief" of the bank's insolvency was not sufficient evidence of the fact, when in contradiction to the official reports of the bank, under oath, published by law. Such an inference drawn from the mere suspension of specie payments, in a time when suspension is general throughout the State, was insufficient to prove that the assets were inadequate to discharge all obligations. His Honor concludes by referring to the power of the Legislature to extend an indulgence to the suspended banks, and states the boundaries within which it must act. The opinion is quite an elaborate one.

PERSONAL.

General Pierce is going to take a pleasure trip to the Madeira Islands. With graceful courtesy President Buchanan has tendered his fallen predecessor in office the use of the steamer *Powhattan* for his journey.

President Buchanan has received a handsome present in the shape of California wines and fruit. While Minister at London he received from some unknown source a case of superior port.

Private letters received at Washington by the last mail from Mr. Dodge, our Minister at Madrid, state that he expects to return home next spring, he having determined to resign at that time.

Mr. Mason, Minister at Paris, has signified his readiness to return home next spring.

Colonel Benton is restored to health so far that he goes out to ride. His book against the Dred Scott decision will soon be out. It is terribly severe upon some of the opinions.

Hon. Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, delivered an interesting and elaborate address last week, before the American Institute, at the Crystal Palace. There were, it is estimated, from eight to ten thousand persons present, and the platform which was erected under the transept was thronged with the members of the American Institute and invited guests, of whom there was a large number. Among the latter were Charles Mackay, the well known and popular English poet and journalist; George T. Train, of Boston; General Hall, Judge Meigs, etc., etc., etc.

General Pillow has replied to General Scott, reiterating his statements, and producing confirmatory cards from Generals Quitman and Shields.

The Hon. E. G. Squier was married in Providence, on the 22d inst., to Miss Miriam F., daughter of Charles Follin, Esq., of New Orleans. In the absence of Mr. Follin, who is in Europe, the bride was given away by ex-Governor Anthony, of Rhode Island.

A report is circulating, says the Washington *Intelligencer*, of the arrest of Colonel Sumner, of the first regiment of cavalry, on the Western Frontier. The statement, we understand, is true; but we learn from good authority that the difficulty which led to the preferring of charges against him grew out of a ceremonial misunderstanding, and did not originate in imputation of moral delinquency.

Godfrey, the comrade of the late Dr. Kane, who has been committed to prison in Philadelphia on a charge of having three wives at one time, is still unable to procure bail to the amount of two thousand dollars, demanded by the committing magistrate. One of the three wives—and that not the first married—is most assiduous in her attentions to him.

The Secretary of War, Hon. John B. Floyd, arrived in town on Thursday, and took lodgings at the New York Hotel.

A strong-minded lady of Lowell, Mrs. Young, has entered her severe protest, like Miss Harriet Hunt, of Boston, against women's payment of taxes without the right of representation. But the Tax Collector took the money nevertheless.

Hon. Pierre Soulé at last accounts was very ill at his residence in New Orleans with a disease in the throat, contracted during his visit to Mexico.

Charles Murray Nairne, on Monday last, was elected by the trustees of Columbia College to the chair of Belles Lettres and Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. Mr. Nairne is one of the ripest scholars in the country, and is most eminently qualified for the important position to which he has been elected.

The negro brethren of Boston are exercised because they are turned out of the dress-circle at the theatres. One of them, Mr. Julian B. M'Crea, has brought suit in the Superior Court to test the legality of the exclusion. The case has gone up to the Supreme Court.

Mrs. Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, who has been sick at the United States Hotel at Saratoga for two months, died on 23d October.

Chief Justice Nelson is dangerously ill at his residence in Woburn, Massachusetts, of neuralgia. He is attended by the best medical skill, but the disease has taken a turn which has seriously alarmed his friends.

The Siamese Twins, after a retirement of twenty years, are now exhibiting themselves again. They are now forty-seven years of age, have each a wife and seven children, two of the latter accompanying them. They go from Nashville to Memphis.

Centre Market Joe, a famous old pauper, went to his long home last week; he was found with a crust of bread in his uplifted hand, and his teeth stuck firmly into the other end of it. Nobody knew, or has known for years, any other name than the one he died under. On Friday last, for the first time in years, Centre Market missed his familiar apparition.

Colonel Wilder, President of the State Board of Agriculture of Massachusetts, intends to introduce a new and interesting feature into that part of the programme which relates to the exhibition of cattle. Usually, at the cattle shows in this part of the country, the cattle are exhibited *in the pens*—in which it is very difficult to see them. The Colonel proposes to walk the cattle up and down before the judges' stand—a hint for other societies.

The "Hermitage" property in Tennessee, comprising five hundred acres, having been purchased by the State for $48,000, and the Federal Government having deferred acceptance of the proposition to convert it into a branch of the Military Academy, Governor Johnson, in his last Message to the Legislature, recommends that it now be set apart as a permanent residence for all future Governors of the State.

HOW THE MORMONS PROPOSE TO CONQUER THE WORLD.

An escaped Mormon Saint has been astonishing the people of California with disclosures about Brigham Young and his Mormons. He says, "He knows the object of their leaders, of whom Brigham Young is the supreme power—that it is to conquer the world and bring every nation under their dominion, physically and morally, which will be the accomplishment of a millennium and peace universal. But the means of this accomplishment are startling.

"Every spring and fall, says my informant, a company of 'seventy are ordained' and sent out to different parts of the globe. These seventies, of which sixty have already gone forth as missionaries—making in all thus far forty-two hundred—are known as 'Destroying Angels,' and they go into all the world without 'purse or scrip,' and are directed to seek such employment as will best enable them to facilitate the great work of their religion. A great number are engaged in the fields of China, and especially in the manufacture of tea; into which, during their labors, they incorporate an insidious but fatal poison. Others are engaged in the same god-like (?) work, in the manufacture of liquor and tobacco; which articles, together with some others, are guarded against by the faithful, who receive what are called by Brigham, the 'word of wisdom,' and of course abstain from the use of the interdicted articles.

"These poisons are of various kinds. Some are so slow that long periods elapse before they take effect, while at the same time their fatality may be precipitated by the admixture of other poisons.

"One poison within the knowledge and possession of Brigham possesses qualities that remain inert in the human system for years before its fatal consequences are developed."

LOST A HORSE.

A few days ago, as a highly successful "protracted meeting" in a certain county in Kentucky was on the point of closing amidst demonstrations of intense excitement, one of the brethren, taking advantage of the immense assemblage, rose and said: "My beloved brother —— requests me to announce to the audience that he has lost a horse, and would like to have some information in regard to it. He don't remember any thing strikingly peculiar about the horse, except that he had a bald face and one large foot!" The profound silence which followed this extraordinary announcement was presently broken by Brother ——'s buck negro, who, smarting under the recollection of the tramp he had been compelled to take after "bald-face" in the height of the spiritual season, exclaimed, in tones decidedly more distinct than amiable, "De horse nebber bin lost! Can't be found, indeed! Bin in de pasture all de time!" It is unnecessary to say that at this point the solemnity of the occasion was overwhelmed in a tremendous outburst of laughter, pending which the congregation dispersed in the most ungodly confusion.

A MURDERER LYNCHED.

The following description of the execution of Jefferson Gray, for the alleged murder of Robert Abernathy, in Pontotoc County, Mississippi, is given in a local paper:

"With a general hurrah and shouting, the crowd marched their victim off immediately to the woods. About half a mile from the town of Red Land they halted at a hickory-tree, at the road side—tied a rope around the prisoner's neck, and threw the other end of the rope over a limb of the tree.

"They then gave him a few minutes to say his prayers and speak what he had to say. He first called for a drink of water, which being given to him, he said: 'They had one end of the rope around his neck and the other over the limb, but as there was a God in heaven and a hell below, he was innocent of the charge against him.' Some one then cried out, 'Hang him up; he is determined to die with a lie in his mouth.' A motion was made to swing him up, when he cried to hold on, he would confess and tell the whole truth.

"A little time was given him. He then confessed that 'he shot Abernathy—that some difficulty had occurred between Abernathy, Jones, and himself—that he went to Abernathy in the field and attacked him on the subject.' Abernathy having no gun, acknowledged himself in Gray's power—turned his back to him to walk off, when he shot him in the back. After he had fired the gun, Abernathy exclaimed, 'You have killed me, Gray, but I am going to heaven.'

"He further stated that no one else was implicated in the murder except himself—that his wife was a good woman, and he hoped she would be taken care of—that Abernathy was a good man, and he believed he was gone to heaven—as for himself, he could then see the flames of hell blazing under his feet like dry broom sage. He then prayed a while, and called for some one to pray for him. Whereupon Major Steele, by request of the company, prayed a very solemn and fervent prayer for the spiritual welfare of the prisoner, and for the sanction of Heaven upon their proceedings—the most respectful order and silence being observed by the crowd during the prayer.

"Some other remarks were then made by the prisoner, mingled with prayers, etc. He then called up the brothers present of the man he had murdered, and desired to shake hands and bid them farewell; they all—being three or four, we believe—came up and gave him their hands. Here, or during the intervals of these proceedings, a contribution was made up by the company present, of about two hundred dollars, for the benefit of the prisoner's wife and child, who were about to be left a widow and orphan. After which, the prisoner was mounted upon a horse—a handkerchief tied over his eyes—made to stand on his feet upon the horse—the rope tightened over the limb—the horse led out from under—and the unfortunate victim of the terrible vengeance of an outraged community left to swing and quiver between heaven and earth, as if unfit for either."

POISONED HERSELF FOR LOVE.

The village of Colchester, on the Chicago, Quincy, and Burlington Road, was the scene of a sad affair one day last week. A young lady, the daughter of an estimable citizen, had for some time past received the addresses of a young man in opposition to the wishes of her parents. They remonstrated with her again and again upon the subject, but to no purpose. Finally, the father told her he would rather follow her to the grave than see her the wife of a man whom he regarded as so unworthy of her. Soon afterward the young lady was seized with an alarming illness, and in three hours more she was a corpse. Just before dying, and when she knew she was beyond the reach of remedy, she confessed to having procured and taken a large portion of arsenic. The unhappy father's alternative was presented to him sooner than he could have believed possible.

A BOY'S HEAD WORTH $2900.

The papers mentioned, a few days since, the recovery of $2900, by a young lad at the Jefferson Circuit, of a person who, at a turkey-shoot last winter, shot the lad through the head. We were told a few days since by a gentleman who was present at the trial, that the lad, who was a witness in his own behalf, as allowed by a law of last winter, testified that he was in the field attending to the fixing of the turkey on the board, while the defendant and others were some rods distant, shooting at the turkeys; that the bullet entered his (the lad's) head, the left side just back of the eye, passing through the head, came out in the rear of the right eye, cutting off the optic nerve, and making the lad forever totally blind; that as soon as he was shot, he clapped his hand to his head and exclaimed, "I'm shot!" that he did not fall down, and that all the time he was sensible and knew perfectly well what was going on around him. The lad's evidence was corroborated by other testimony. It is very singular indeed that the lad retained his consciousness through the shooting and excitement of the occasion. The case, as well it might, occasioned much feeling.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE DAY OF HUMILIATION.

Wednesday 7th October, being the day appointed by her Majesty in Council for humiliation and prayer, the metropolitan churches and the majority of the Dissenters' chapels were opened for Divine service, and sermons were delivered, all having direct reference to the revolution in India and the atrocities committed by the native army of Bengal. In some respects the day was observed as a holiday, and many parties of pleasure were made up, the steamboats were well patronized, and the railways carried thousands of excursionists out of town.

SPURGEON ON THE INDIAN WAR.

Mr. Spurgeon preached at the Crystal Palace before some 30,000 persons. In the course of his sermon he said: "There were such things as national judgments and chastisements for national offenses, and great blows from the rod of God, which every wise man would understand to be on account of some sins committed, and which should awaken in us a feeling of humiliation for our sins. What a rod, for instance, was that which had just fallen upon our country! The men who had revolted were our fellow-subjects, and rightly so. Whatever others of the inhabitants of India might say, the Sepoys had voluntarily given themselves up to our dominion, had taken oaths of fidelity to her Majesty—they were petted and dandled on the knee of favoritism—they, at least, had nothing to complain of. What crimes had they committed! But there was something worse than even this—there were rebels to be executed. He looked upon every gallows as a fearful evil, and regarded every gibbet as a dreadful visitation upon our land. But these men must be punished. Heaven and earth alike demanded it. But this rod was an appointed rod. Every deed which had been done against us had been appointed by God, who had overruled and permitted the evil. Divine wisdom was the axle upon which all things revolved, and in the end it would be seen that God, who had ordained this evil, had ordained it only for good, and that His name might be exalted in the earth. The sins which had been committed he had not ordained, but the affliction which we suffered from it He had ordained it. When a religion consisted of bestiality, infanticide, and murder, its devotees had no right to indulge in it unless they were prepared to be hanged for it. The religion of the Hindoos was the vilest which the imagination could conceive. Had they given even a decent character to their gods we might have tolerated them. The Indian Government ought not to have permitted, much less have sanctioned and assisted, as they had done in some cases, the gross idolatries in India."

At the conclusion of an earnest appeal to contribute with liberality to the fund for the relief of Indian sufferers, the collectors, upward of two hundred in number,

proceeded to make the collection, which included a check for £25 from Miss Florence Nightingale, who was present during the service.

BULWER ON INDIA.

At the annual dinner of the Herts Agricultural Society Sir E. Bulwer Lytton thus referred to the Indian war: "He thought it was no wonder that the heart of this country and that the counties would send forth their legions to avenge the wrongs that had been perpetrated in India. The War-office had complained that the recruiting did not supply the requirements of the Army; but if that were so, they could have no difficulty in drawing men from the Militia. So strong was the feeling in the country at the atrocities that had been committed in India, that it was not surprising that the daily journals should teem with accounts of offers from volunteers to replace those that had fallen. The Government had complained of difficulties, but they must overcome them. There was not a man present, not even himself, who had not met with them in their time; but none of them would be the men they were if they had ever suffered difficulties to conquer, and the Government should devise some means to surmount them. He should be sorry if they lost this opportunity of showing to Europe that England could at once start as a military nation, whatever difficulties beset her. (Loud cheers.) He hoped they would send out a force that would teach those rascals before Cawnpore and Delhi, whose fathers many a time shrunk before our prowess, that there was no sword so sharp as the plowshare. He had commenced his life in the Army, and he knew the spirit that animated young men in his day to embrace that profession. The same spirit still pervaded the country, but even now, if he thought it was possible that the enthusiasm of the young, the robust, and the adventurous would want an example from men of position and rank, he for one would at once volunteer to fight in a cause like this, and fight for injured and outraged women. He thought, where young men volunteered from the same neighborhood, they should be formed into a corps by themselves, so that by their conduct they might cheer and encourage each other. He most strongly urged the adoption of the volunteer system, as it would supply the Army with a cavalry which the Militia did not, and would be a means by which they could at all times keep up the strength of the standing Army."

DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT A BATHING-PLACE.

Mr. W. Wilson, a gentleman from London, a brother of Mr. J. Wilson, M.P., of the Treasury, had brought down his family to Dunbar, where he possessed a marine villa, called Kirkhill Cottage. The cottage was near the beach, and the windows overlooked the place where the family were wont to bathe. The beach consists at the spot of several series of rocks projecting into the sea, with beds of gravel between them. The water had been very rough the previous day, and on Saturday there was still a strong under-current, though the surface was comparatively smooth. While the tide was receding, and at about a quarter past ten A.M., Misses Helen and Alice Wilson, aged respectively seventeen and fourteen years, ventured into the sea to bathe, along with a female servant. They had not been long in the water when a heavy sea struck the group, throwing the servant upon the beach, but drawing the young ladies underneath the waves. The former, seeing the danger her charge were in, gave the alarm, and ran to the cottage. Mr. Wilson and his son James, a lad of eighteen, came running down to the beach; the latter dashed into the water first, but was soon beyond his depth, and was drowning. The father, seeing his family in such peril, rushed also into the surging tide, but vain and fatal was his effort, for he also was drawn into the current, and before other aid could be got they all perished together. The distracted mother followed to the beach, and was, in her dismay and agony, about to encounter the same danger, when some one on the beach followed her into the water and drew her back. A police-constable gallantly succeeded within ten minutes in recovering Helen, and upon being drawn upon the beach she was heard to draw a sigh, but no further evidence of life was given, and all effort to restore it proved fruitless. James was got out in three or four minutes after, but was quite dead. The body of Alice was not recovered till five P.M., when it was found nearly half a mile to the westward, near the old harbor. The body of Mr. Wilson had not been heard of up to six on Monday evening. Mr. Wilson was in the habit of residing some months in the year with his family at Dunbar. He was fifty-five years of age.

COTTON IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Dr. Livingstone is delivering lectures on the capacity of Central Africa to grow cotton. The London *Times* thus reasonably makes merry at the project: "Dr. Livingstone charms us with his picture of the scenery of Central Africa, its forests of evergreens, laurels, and orange-trees, its fruit-trees yielding seeds containing the best and most pure oils. Here, too, grows the best wheat, 'with ears as long as his hand,' and almost spontaneously, without plow or harrow, sub-soiling or draining, liming or manuring;—'all that it requires is, that a woman with a little hoe should make a hole in the ground, drop a few seeds in, and push back the soil with her foot—in four months there is a crop of beautiful wheat.' Even irrigation is not wanted in the higher land. Honey abounds, and the honeybird invites the traveler to partake of the richness of the hives, and acts as a guide to them. Here, then, is a tempting region for an English settlement, when we make up our minds to become African cotton-growers, and to rid ourselves of the burden on our conscience which slave-grown cotton inflicts, as well as secure ourselves from the peril of trusting to one single country for all our supply of this article. Dr. Livingstone is enthusiastic on this point. *He looks to Central Africa as the great ultimate rival to the American Slave States, as the ground on which the battle against Slavery must be fought and won.* He finds in this region, so exclusively devoted hitherto in the English imagination to drought and scorpions, barren sands, and scorching suns, a fine, well-watered, luxuriant country, with a temperate climate, every fruit for the taste, and the staff of life abounding in it. He is fairly battling with the prejudice against Africa and bent on sending us there. We see no reason to doubt his main description of the region and the soil. The great difficulty lies with the people. It is true Dr. Livingstone is confident here, and promises us excellent, good-tempered laborers; and there is no reason why the African native should not have in him the rudiments of his character, which by careful cultivation may be developed and matured. The slave system, it must fairly be admitted, has the advantage in the matter of time; it can drag a savage out of his native forest, and make a laborer of him there and then. There is no doubt that this has been the temptation to slave-labor—its triumph over *time*. It leaps with one bound, one ferocious tiger spring, to the result, and exults in an immediate energy and productive labor, while justice and mercy are slowly hobbling to the industrial goal—while philanthropic Dr. Livingstone is training the African savage to regular habits of industry, educating him, civilizing him, and fitting him for a place in the glorious ranks of self-disciplined and self-respecting free labor. This work in Africa, then, must be, we are afraid, an affair of time, and in the mean time we must swallow our scruples and use Yankee cotton."

DOUGLAS JERROLD'S ESTATE.

The following letter has been addressed to editors of the London Journals: "Sir—You were so kind as to give publicity to a letter we addressed to you on the termination of our labors 'In remembrance of the late Mr. Jerrold,' making known the result. Mr. Jerrold's eldest son thereupon gave to a letter of his own what publicity he could obtain for it, making his own representation of his late father's affairs. We knew our forbearance and delicate reference to them (forced upon us by exaggerations with which we had been repeatedly met, and which the son had never contradicted) to be perfectly accurate, and we knew his account of them to be highly incorrect. We are extremely sorry to be obliged to produce the proof of this, but it is necessary to the clearance of our own good faith, and that of the gentlemen associated with us. We have before us, under date of the 2d of this present month, a letter from the solicitor to the late Mr. Jerrold's estate (a gentlemen well known in his profession, Mr. Ashurst of the Old Jewry), in which, after mentioning that there is a life assurance of £1000, which is Mrs. Jerrold's absolutely, and which the estate can not claim, he informs the correspondent to whom his communication is addressed, 'that he can not understand Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's reason for writing this unfortunate letter;' that he thinks 'he and his family ought to be set right on the matter;' and that, if a certain claim be urged of which he has received the particulars, 'the facts and figures show that the estate will be absolutely insolvent.' We quote this letter with the writer's permission, and we have now done with this subject forever. Your faithful servants,

"Charles Dickens,
"Arthur Smith.

"*October* 6, 1857."

FRANCE.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

The *Moniteur* has published the following announcement: "The Government of the Emperor has thought fit to postpone until the 30th of September, 1858, the measures relative to the articles of food. Those measures have a double character; they facilitate the importation of corn, and suspend its exportation. The facilities given to its importation have appeared necessary, not to lower a high price of food, which the great abundance of our harvests does not allow us in the slightest degree to fear, but to secure the complete fulfillment of contracts made by the merchants under the present system—contracts which will moreover tend to re-establish the reserves which have been exhausted by three years of scarcity. As to the regulations which suspend the exportation, the terms fixed do not constitute, as is the case as regards importation, a sort of engagement on the part of the government. Circumstances and prices will determine their maintenance or suppression."

THE BABY IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Before leaving Biarritz, the Empress, who frequently made excursions in the two vessels of war stationed in the roadstead, had the young Prince dressed as a sailor, and took him on board the *Reine Hortense*. The costume consisted of a pair of white trowsers, a shirt of blue cotton, and a round straw hat with a black ribbon bearing the words *Reine Hortense*. Her Majesty was received on board by Captain Hamelin, who mustered the crew on deck, when the Empress presented the Prince to the officers and sailors.

HEROISM REWARDED.

In the recent inundations in the Ardèche, the house and garden of a man named Avon, at Pont-d'Aubenas, were completely destroyed. It was by the savings of his life that Avon had been able to purchase them, and it was from the proceeds of his garden that he maintained himself, his wife, and an aged mother. The loss of them was, consequently, his complete ruin. But at the moment the disaster befell him, two children belonging to a neighbor were carried away by a torrent; and he, thinking nothing of his loss, and at some risk to his own life, plunged into the water and rescued them both. A few days ago, the prefect of the department, in visiting the localities ravaged by the inundation, summoned Avon before him, and thus addressed him in presence of a considerable number of official personages: "Avon, the Emperor has been informed of your heroism in saving two children at the very moment at which all you possessed was swept away! His Majesty desires that your house shall be rebuilt, and he has charged me to present you with this purse for the purpose!" This act of beneficence has produced the greatest effect in the country.

RACHEL ON HER DEATH-BED.

A letter from Cannes says: "I regret to be obliged to inform you that Mademoiselle Rachel still lies in a very desperate state. Her fever and cough, after having in a great measure disappeared, returned some days back with redoubled violence, and prevent her enjoying the slightest repose. Her father, mother, and one of her two sons have arrived here. The other boy is expected immediately. The presence of her family has, however, produced a slight change for the better in the patient."

THE YOUNG LADY WITH THE PRAYER-BOOK.

The police of Paris have just received information that for some time past an elegantly-dressed young woman, carrying a splendidly bound prayer-book, as if she had just returned from church, has been in the habit of going to the shops of mercers, lace-dealers, and jewelers, and after inspecting goods with great care, giving orders in the name of the Marquise de Sainte Colombe, or of the wife of a wealthy manufacturer of Amiens, or of other persons, all of whom turned out not to exist, she, on each occasion, contrived to abstract pieces of silk or lace, or articles of jewelry. The police ascertained that she had resided at a hotel in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, but disappeared a few days ago. She left a large trunk which she had represented to contain works of art of great value, but it was found to have nothing in it but stones and straw.

COOL IMPUDENCE OF A SWINDLER.

The Paris police have learned that a man, representing himself to be a comedian, has lately been swindling theatrical performers pretty extensively on the pretext of raising a fund for the relief of a provincial actor named Verdier, who, he stated, had fallen into distress, though no such person exists. A few days back, it appears, this swindler did a very impudent thing. A young actress to whom he applied for a subscription said, pulling out her purse, "I have only a piece of 20 francs, you see, and I can not afford to give you that!" "Oh!" said the man, "I will get you change!" and he snatched the coin from her hand, went off with it, and never returned.

ITALY.

DEMORALIZATION OF THE ROMANS.

An ultra-Catholic correspondent residing in Rome gives a lamentable account to the Cracow *Czas* of the reception given by the Romans to their Sovereign. The cardinals, clergy, and *employés* behaved as was expected: "but the people were cold, and even hostile in their behavior." The streets were occupied by troops, as it was expected that Mazzini was in the city, and feared that his party might make a demonstration. The correspondent, who rails in good set terms at the Romans, says that they are the greatest democrats in Europe: "The traditions of heathen Rome and of the tribune Rienzi are mixed up in their brains with Mazzinist principles. Their hatred is not so much directed against Antonelli's Government as against the temporal power of the Pope, and they probably would welcome a red—nay, the reddest republic. The Romans are very nearly as great heathens as they were before they were converted to Christianity, for their religion is mere outward show. They know nothing of that gigantic historical figure, Gregory VII., but they are well versed in the history of Brutus, the assassin. They will swear by Bacchus, and by the blood of Diana and Venus, and write and put into circulation satires on the Statt-holder of Christ."

RUSSIA.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK IN THE BALTIC.

A letter from St. Petersburg says, "We hear of a most melancholy occurrence at sea, in the neighborhood of Hogland. Five Russian men-of-war were returning from Revel to Cronstadt. They were caught in a squall, and one 84-gun ship, *La Forte*, although carrying double-reefed top-sails, capsized and went down with all hands (except five or six men). There were upward of 1400 persons on board. These ships had been at Revel, and were returning home with the wives and families of the crews. There were three admirals on board, one of them being Admiral Moller, the captain in command, who had only just married, and had his wife on board."

GERMANY.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

A letter from Stuttgardt gives some account of the arrival there of the Emperor Napoleon. The King of Wurtemberg came to the Stuttgardt station to meet him. There was by no means the *laissez aller* which prevailed when the Emperor of Russia arrived the day before. The two emperors shook hands, and their countenances were made to express the greatest gratification at their meeting, and they thus withdrew into a private room, remote from eyes profane. When they parted, after this first and not very lengthened interview, the Emperor Louis Napoleon, who at the moment of his hastening to meet the Emperor Alexander still wore the red ribbon of the Wurtemberg Order of the Crown, was observed to have on the blue band of the Russian Order of St. Andrew.

INDIA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

By the *Baltic* we have news from India, that is to say, from Bombay, to 17th September, Calcutta to 10th, Lucknow to 2d, Delhi to 26th August, Agra to 25th August. The news is on the whole favorable to the British. No further outbreak had taken place; Central India, Madras, and Bombay were all quiet. At Delhi no change of importance had taken place: no assault had been made; but the assailants had obtained a large reinforcement from the Punjab, and on the day before the mail left, Brigadier Nicholson attacked a body of mutineers, defeated them, and took their guns. The health of the troops was good, and their supplies abundant. It was rumored that proposals for an accommodation were about to be made.—Agra is safe and well. A detachment from the fort sallied out on 21st August and cut up a body of insurgents near Allyghur, returning in safety to the fort.—Lucknow has not fallen; the garrison have repulsed a severe attack of the Sepoys and disabled their besieging artillery. General Havelock was still at Cawnpore, awaiting reinforcements which were expected to reach him by 11th; he would then push on to the relief of Lucknow. On 16th August he defeated a large body of rebels at Bithoor.—The Punjab is quiet. There had been an outbreak at Lahore, but the mutineers had been attacked by the police and people of the country, and had all perished.

PROCLAMATION BY SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

On his arrival at Calcutta, Sir Colin Campbell published the following proclamation to the troops:

"Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint me commander-in-chief of the forces in India, in the room of the late lamented General the Hon. George Anson, and her Majesty having also been graciously pleased to confer upon me the rank of General in the East Indies, I now assume the command of the army in India. In doing so, it affords me the highest satisfaction to find under me troops who have so fully proved themselves, in the recent arduous operations in the field, to be what I have ever known British soldiers in every quarter of the globe—courageous, faithful, obedient, and enduring. In former years, I have commanded native troops of India, and by their side I have been present in many battles and victories, in which they have nobly borne their part; and it is to me a subject of deep concern to learn that soldiers of whom I have been accustomed to think so favorably should now be arrayed in open and defiant mutiny against a government proverbial for the liberality and paternal consideration with which it has ever treated its servants of every denomination. When I join the force now in the field restoring order to the district disturbed by the disaffection of the army of Bengal, I shall, at the head of the British troops, and of those native soldiers who, though few in number, have not feared to separate themselves from their faithless comrades, and to adhere to their duty, feel my old confidence that they will march to certain victory. I shall not fail to notice, and the powerful government which I have the honor to serve will not fail to reward, every instance of fidelity and valor shown by the troops under my command. I call upon the officers and men, of both European and native troops, zealously to assist in the task before us; and, by the blessing of God, we shall soon again see India tranquil and prosperous.

"C. Campbell."

ITEMS BY THE INDUS.

A lady named Collett came home in the *Indus*, who escaped from Allahabad; she was one of those who got into the fort at that place for safety. Many of the ladies who have come home in the *Indus* have their husbands now before Delhi, and scarcely expect to see them again. When the passengers in the *Indus* left Calcutta only three thousand troops had arrived there since the outbreak.

Unless Captain Peel makes his way up the river very quickly, and before the rains cease, it is scarcely believed that he will get his guns up to Delhi; but if he can not carry his guns beyond Allahabad he will, it is expected, push on for Delhi without them. Should the water carriage fail, it would be extremely difficult, on account of the badness of the roads, to convey such heavy guns (one of them an 84-pounder) to Delhi by land.

Between Cawnpore and Lucknow there were about thirty-five thousand mutineers, and it is considered doubtful whether Sir J. Outram will be successful in passing up the Gogra; the river is lined with forts, well-manned with mutineers. Outram's advance, however, up the Gogra will, it is hoped, draw off the mutineers from Havelock, and enable him probably to escape from the dilemma in which he is placed.

Captain Montague knew Nena Sahib, and was present at a ball given by him at Cawnpore about a month before the mutiny broke out. It was the most magnificent ball ever given at Cawnpore; all the English were present, most of whom were afterward mercilessly slaughtered by the scoundrel. Captain Montague and his wife left Cawnpore before it was captured by the mutineers. The passengers say that almost the only man that escaped the massacre of Cawnpore has gone raving mad. This is an officer, a Mr. Brown, who after he got away suffered great harships, and lay hidden in a nullah, without food, during three days and nights. A Miss Goldie, a very beautiful young lady, was taken by Nena Sahib to his harem, and is believed to be alive now.

A NATIVE'S ACCOUNT OF NENA SAHIB'S BUTCHERIES.

Nujoor Jewarree, a native now employed by the English as a spy, thus describes the attack on the boats: "Intelligence of the Sahib's defense had reached the Nena, and he sent off that night three more companies of the native regiment (1st Oude Infantry) and surrounded the Sahib's boat, and so took them and brought them back to Cawnpore. Then came out of that boat sixty Sahibs and twenty-five mem-Sahibs and four children—one boy and three half-grown girls. The Nena then ordered the mem-Sahibs to be separated from the Sahibs to be shot by the Gillis Pultun (1st Bengal Native Infantry); but they said, 'We will not shoot Wheeler Sahib, who has made our Pultun's name great, and whose son is our quartermaster; neither will we kill the Sahib-log. Put them in prison.' Then said the Nadire Pultun, 'What word is this? Put them in prison; we will kill the male.' So the Sahib-log were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadire Pultun placed themselves over against them, with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the mem-Sahibs—the doctor's wife she was, I don't know his name, but he was either superintending-surgeon or medical storekeeper—'I will not leave my husband; if he must die I will die with him.' So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this the other mem-Sahibs said, 'We will also die with our husbands;' and they all went and sat down beside their husbands. Then their husbands said, 'Go back,' but they would not. Whereupon the Nena ordered his soldiers, and they going in pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arm; but they could not pull away the Doctor's wife, who there remained. Then, just as the Sepoys were going to fire, the padre (chaplain) called out to the Nena and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nena granted it. The padre's bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the Sahib-logs, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the Sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it quickly and get the work done? Why delay?' After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the Sahib-log shook hands all round. Then the Sepoys fired. One Sahib rolled one way, one another, as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded, so they went in and finished them off with swords. After this the whole of the women and children (that is, including those taken out of other boats), to the number of 122, were taken away to the yellow house, which was your hospital. This was the Bithoor Rajah's house in the civil lines, where I and four more Sepoys were confined, and where I had the opportunity of talking to the sergeant-major's wife. After this, when we (Sepoys) were taken down with the Nena to Futtehpore, the women and children were taken away to the house where they were afterward murdered."

THE FATE OF THE WOMEN.

Being asked, "Were any of our women dishonored by the Nena or his people?" he answered, "None that I know of, excepting in the case of General Wheeler's youngest daughter, and about this I am not certain. This was her circumstance. As they were taking the mem-Sahibs out of the boat a sowar (cavalry man) took her away with him to his house. She went quietly; but at night she rose and got hold of the sowar's sword. He was asleep; his wife, his son, and his mother-in-law were sleeping in the house with him. She killed them all with the sword, and then she went and threw herself down the well behind the house. In the morning, when people came and found the dead in the house, the cry was, 'Who has done this?' Then a neighbor said that in the night he had seen some one go and throw himself into the well. They went and looked, and there was Missee Baba, dead and swollen."

ANOTHER ACCOUNT BY A NATIVE.

The following are extracts from a journal kept by a native:

"On the 8th of June the firing commenced on all sides as usual, and one lady and child, Christian, were seized and brought before the Nena. Afterward, according to order, they were killed, notwithstanding that they represented that they were faultless, and if it would please the rebels, they might make them Mussulmans, if they would but save their lives: but to do so did not come into the hearts of their executioners; and in the city and gardens there was so much villainy committed that traveling became dangerous, and to kill a man was quite easy, and each land-owner entertained 50 or 100 followers, and committed deeds of oppression and plundered each other.

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"On the 10th of June, as usual, the firing commenced from the 24, 18, and 4 pounders, and one lady and one grown-up young lady and three children were coming along in a carriage from the direction of the west, and on the road some one had killed the lady's husband, but, not considering it proper to kill women and children, had allowed them to escape. However, the troopers of the 2d Cavalry caught them, and brought them into the presence of the Nena, who ordered them to be killed at once, although the lady begged the Nena to spare her life; but this disgraceful man would not in any way hearken to her, and took them all into the plain. At that time the sun was very hot, and the lady said, 'The sun is very hot, take me into the shade;' but no one listened. On four sides the children were catching hold of their mother's gown, and saying, 'Mamma, come to the bungalow and give me some bread and water.' At length, having been tied hand to hand, and made to stand up on the plain, they were shot down by pistol bullets.

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"One lady, the wife of Mukan Sahib, merchant, who had for four or five days been hiding under the grass of her bungalow, came out of the bungalow at evening time, and was discovered. She had, through fear, changed her appearance by putting on a Hindoostanee bodice, and folding a towel around her head. She was taken before the Nena, who ordered her to be killed. The writer of this journal, having gone in person, saw that the head of that lady was cut off and presented as a nazir (gift of royalty).

"Among them was a young lady, the daughter of some general. She addressed herself much to the Nena, and said, 'No King ever committed such oppression as you have, and in no religion is there any order to kill women and children. I do not know what has happened to you. Be well assured that by this slaughter the English will not become less; whoever may remain will have an eye upon you.' But the Nena paid no attention, and showed her no mercy, and ordered that she should be killed, and that they should fill her hands with powder, and kill her by the explosion!"

ATROCITIES AT JHANSI.

P. O'Neill writes: "Fifty-five men, women, and children were cut up in Jhansi. In some of the stations they took the baby from the mother, held it by both feet, and then tore it in two as you would a piece of cloth, and cut up the wife in presence of the husband, and him after. In other places they cut open the infants, and forced the entrails into the mothers' mouths. In more they ill-used the ladies, and cut them up. In Allahabad they nailed some of our countrymen and women to trees, and burned them alive. More, they cut the limbs from the body, and lastly the head. Also, in Allahabad, they stripped the women naked, made them run through the streets by the point of the sword, and afterward cut them up. It is frightful to hear how the Europeans are slaughtered in this country. I don't know the moment it will come to my turn; but my dependence is in the Almighty. Where we are at present is intrenched all round, but we can not count ourselves safe till we get relief from England of troops."

NENA SAHIB'S CLAIMS TO MERCY.

Corporal Tracy thus describes part of Nena Sahib's exploits:

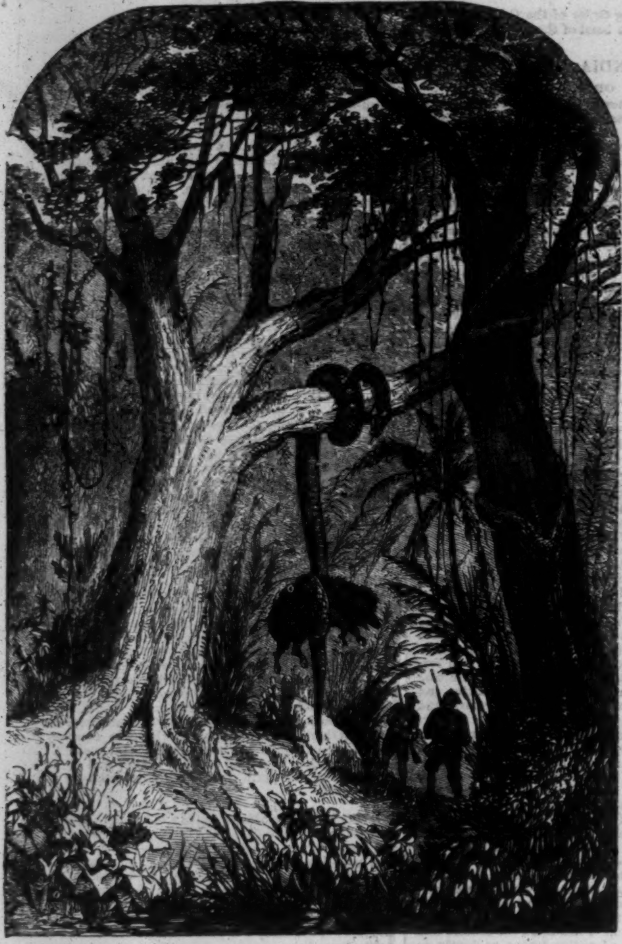
"Sanders (*i. e.*, Lieutenant Sanders, H. M.'s 84th) was brought before the Rajah, Nena Sahib; he pulled out his revolver, shot dead five of the guard, and missed the Rajah with the sixth round; then they crucified him to the ground; the whole of the cavalry charged past him, and every one of them had a cut at him; he was cut to pieces by the whole of them. It would strike terror into the heart of the devil himself to go into that house where 230 poor women and children were put to death in the most cruel manner by them. The whole of their clothing was torn to pieces by them, even the hairs of the head pulled out of the root, the heads and bodies hacked and mangled to atoms."

A PROPHETESS BEFORE DELHI.

During one of the recent engagements before Delhi, a female, dressed in green, was seen leading on the rebels. She was at first taken for the Bazee Baie, and a rumor, of course, spread that she headed the Gwalior troops; she, however, had not left Gwalior at the time, and may still be there. The female in green, or the very green female, was taken prisoner, and confined in secure quarters in the British camp. She is described as an ugly old woman, short and fat, and is said to be a prophetess of some note in the degraded city. It was first intended to release this woman, but by the last accounts she was still kept a prisoner, in the hope, we presume, of eliciting some important information from her.

AN ESCAPE FROM DELHI.

The following account of a lady's escape from Delhi is published: "Bands of savages from the neighboring villages poured upon us, armed with immense sticks bound with iron rings and swords, demanding all we possessed. We had the boxes containing our few valuables with us; these we were compelled to give up to these ruthless plunderers, and not satisfied with these, they robbed Mrs. Peile of her bonnet and cape, also taking my dress, leaving me only a thin white petticoat, besides making us open our clothes, and insultingly searching our persons for concealed articles; also a pillow and two sheets literally soaked in blood; breaking up the carriage and buggy before us, and riding off with the horses, thus, by depriving us of our conveyances, rendering our escape almost hopeless. From day to day we crawled along, traveling at the rate of about seven miles a night, begging food from village to village, and dragging a wounded man with us who was utterly helpless, sometimes receiving food and kindness from the villagers, at others insult—drinking water from the puddles and ditches on the road-sides—sleeping on the bare ground, exposed to the burning sun and fiery wind of an Indian climate. With the ever-present terror that our lives were at stake—indeed, our lives were threatened several times—we lived through it all. Our last day's journey on foot was one of twenty miles, through scorching sandy plains, in many places covered with thorns. This journey Major P. and I performed without shoes. Mine were worn out, and though a native pair had been given to me they hurt my feet so much I was obliged to take them off and carry them. After the gentlemen joined us our insults were fewer, and attempts at violence were not so common; but our fatigues and rough mode of traveling still continued. However, we bore up through it all till we reached Kurnaul, where we were most kindly and hospitably treated by young Mr. Rigby there."



SAD FATE OF MANILLA PIGS.

NARROW ESCAPE OF WELL-MADE YOUNG WOMAN.

WHAT TO SEE AT MANILLA.

MANILLA is chiefly known to the civilized world as the birth-place of Manilla cheroots—a species of cigar which, when carefully made, and kept till dry, can be safely recommended. Quite lately the high price of sugar has led to a pretty general apprehension of the sugar-growing capacities of the island of which Manilla is the chief port. The accompanying illustrations will bear witness that Manilla produces other things besides cheroots and sugar; to wit, curious-looking Indians, called Tagals, fighting-cocks, wild boars, caymans, excellent fruit, good-looking young women, and boa-constrictors.

Like Cuba, the Island of Luzon is fitted to be a garden of the earth; it is abundantly blessed with every thing that comfort or luxury can desire. But, like Cuba, it is in the hands of the Spaniards. Need we say any more?

And they rebel there sometimes. Some years ago a chivalric captain in a regiment stationed at Manilla ventured to hint that the King of Spain did not, on the whole, manage matters in the very best possible method. For this, at ten P.M., the Governor took him in hand, and outlawed him. Four hours afterward said Captain, at the head of his regiment, was being proclaimed Emperor of Manilla, by dim torchlight. At dawn Governor and Captain met in the streets of Manilla, each with plenty of fighting-men and cannon; fought it out, then and there; by noon the Captain was worsted, and a prisoner. They shot him at five; and so ended his reign. If they know how to rebel in Manilla, they seem to know also how to suppress rebellion.

Take a quantity of wild Indians, of various shades, from rich black to pale brown; mix with these half a score ship-loads of slaughtering, Hectoring, domineering, but thinking Spaniards; throw in a few thousand active, wiry, mean, calculating Chinamen; stir them all up for a couple of centuries, and mix them well, flavoring, from time to time, with a spice of Frenchman, Englishman, and Polynesian pirates; and the dish before you will be the present population of the isle of Luzon, and its sea-port, Manilla.

The natives, whose ethnology defies research, and who appear to constitute as many different tribes as there are in all the rest of the outside world, are a good enough people in the main—though, if the truth must be told, they are thievish, treacherous, blood-thirsty, and cannibals. You are riding peaceably in the neighborhood of Manilla, over a road such as is depicted in our illustration; at a turn, piff, paff! a ball whizzes past your ear—or whirr, whirr! an arrow tickles your horse. You give chase. In a moment you are in a thicket, out of which it will test the bounty of Providence to extricate you. You turn about, and lay your case before your Consul, likewise before the Spanish officials. The latter note the outrage, and request you to call again. When you do, you are handed a written reply, ten or twelve pages in length; it is all one sentence, without so much as a semicolon for breathing-time; and the purport of it is, that while her most Catholic Majesty and all her servants, down to the very obscure and humble individual who now (on paper) lays himself at your feet, entertain the very highest esteem for your person, they think you got off uncommonly well, and ought to be thankful for your escape. No Anglo-Saxon nonsense here.

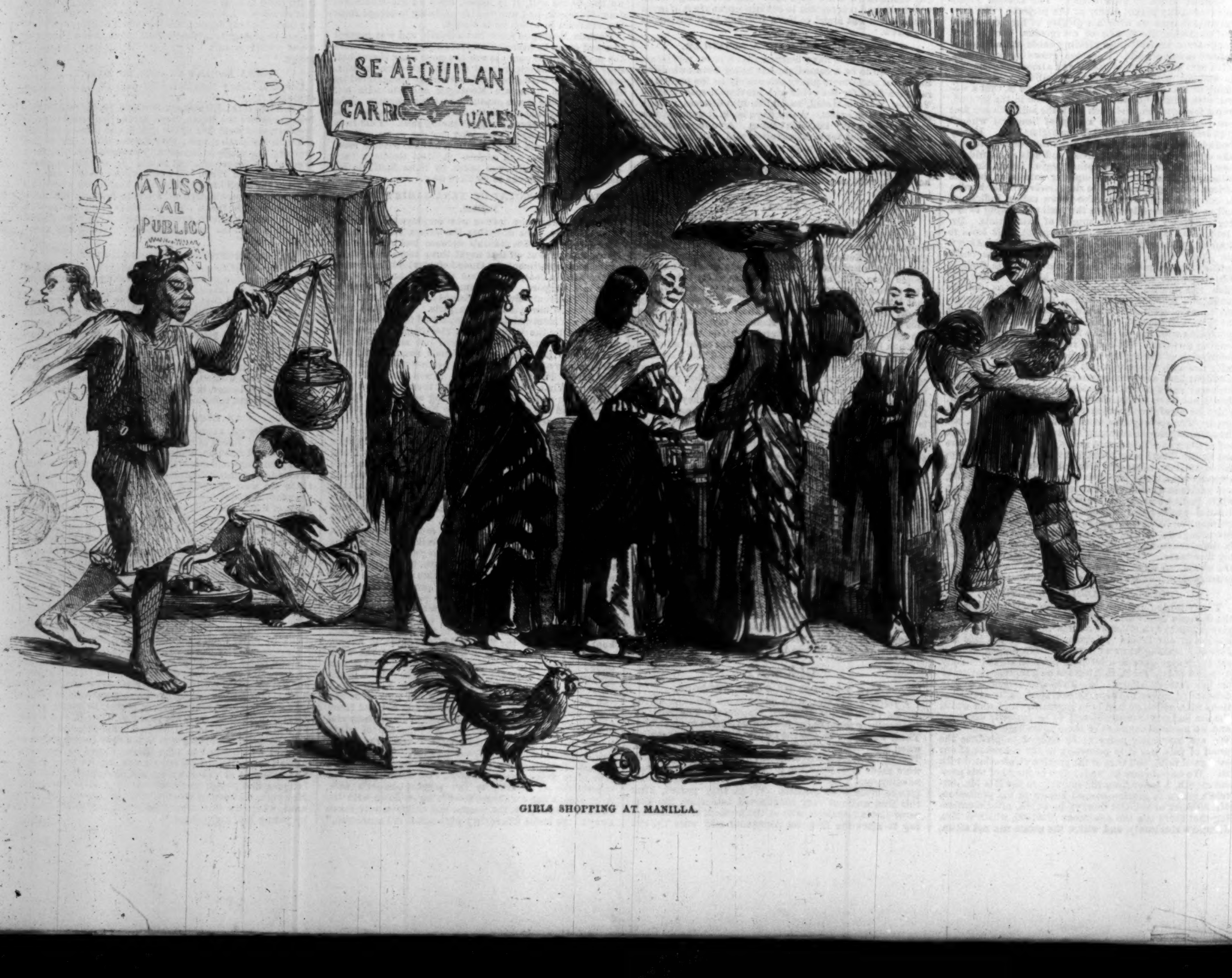
Perhaps you don't get shot. Perhaps you make up a party, and go gunning in the interior, as foolhardy Americans are apt to do. Perhaps you meet with a family of Tagals, or other Indians, with whom you fraternize. You are hungry; they titillate your nostrils by holding out to you a jar of rich, spiced, savory-looking soup, which you think must be venison-broth, at the least. You fall upon it, as Esau did under the like provocation. With your knife you dab into the jar, and try to spear the lumps of meat which bob up and down. You succeed. What are your sensations, my Christian friend, when you find that you have fished out of the dish—a little child's hand?

True, you need not, in such a country, be reduced to dine on babies' hands, for you have only to cut strips from the palm-tree and feed on them. In Manilla fuel is board, in both senses.

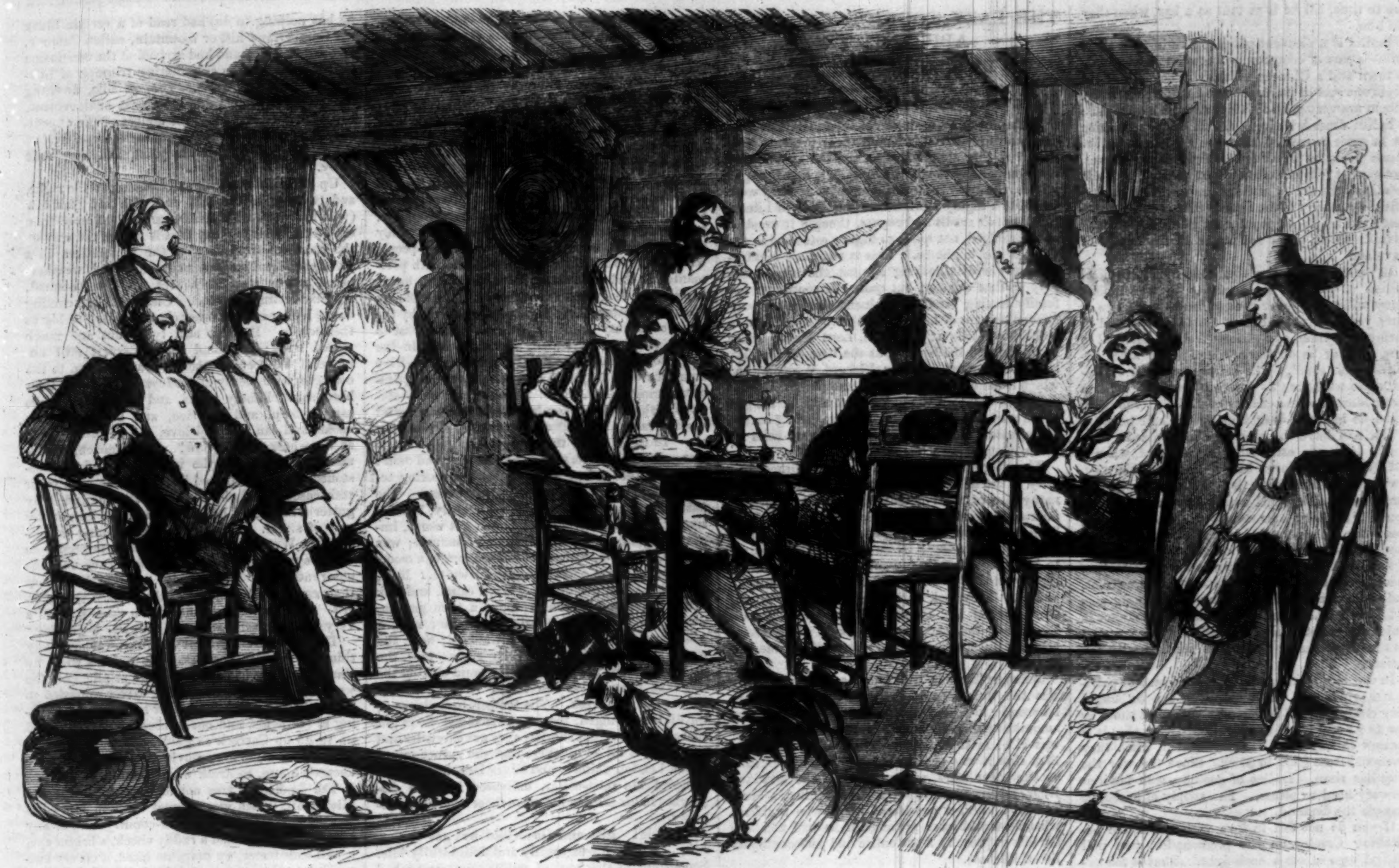
Bats, too, are fine eating, they say. Travelers speak with watery mouth of bat pies and lizard stews they had on their way to the great volcano of Luzon. Our late lamented countryman, Dr. Kane, used to declare that, next to grain-fed rats, the Luzon bats were as succulent a dish as he remembered to have eaten. *De gustibus*, etc.

When you hunt in Manilla, beware of the caymans. They are not eatable, on the contrary; but when neither pig, nor dog, nor sheep, nor fish can be had, they will put up with a man's leg—taken whole, *au naturel*. One of our illustrations represents the remarkable escape of an uncommonly well made young woman, who would certainly have perished had the cayman been able to decide which of the tempting limbs within his reach he would devour first. He hesitated, and, as the poet says, "Who hesitates is lost." The intelligent reader will perceive the huntsman on the other side of the stream checking the voracious propensities of the animal with a ten-to-the-pound under the foreleg.

A beautiful example of the unerring justice of



GIRLS SHOPPING AT MANILLA.



INTERIOR OF A COTTAGE AT MANILLA.

Nature's laws is to be found in the history of the cayman. His scales, as every one knows, are so hard that they will repel a bullet fired from any distance; it is even said that you may fire half a dozen times down the creature's throat without doing any further harm than creating a little bronchial excitement. But when you do wound a cayman, his race is run. Prick him ever so lightly under the scales, and nothing is left for him but to choose a convenient mud-hole to die in; for the shrimps—who would ever have suspected shrimps of being the scourge of caymans?—instantly discover the raw and settle there. First, a discreet mamma selects the spot as her home. Her family share it. As they increase and form matrimonial alliances, they bring their partners to the nice, warm nest, and enlarge it to suit them. They dig, and delve, and burrow, right and left, deep into the cayman's body, till the poor brute finds himself nothing more than a common lodging-house for a swarm of shrimps, who actually, in the end, eat themselves out of house and home.

There is at Boston the head of a cayman which was killed on the Island of Luzon. He had eaten a man. The man's friends set nets in the river to prevent his escaping, and watched. When he appeared they saluted him with volleys of musketry and lances. It was like firing at a rock. The cayman looked up as astonished as Gulliver was when the Lilliputians fired at him, and proceeded—no legs or arms being within reach—to make off. The nets stopped him, and he sailed about furiously for some time. At length, approaching quite close to the hunters, he was struck by a lance, which penetrated between the scales. A native, standing by, struck the end of the lance a powerful blow, and drove it in, and this killed him. The moral of the story is, that if you want to kill a cayman you must wound him, and have a hammer ready to drive the spike home.

Boas are other pleasant companions which the traveler must expect to meet with in his travels in Luzon; but they will not eat him. There are stories in books about boas darting down from trees upon unwary travelers, snapping them up, crushing their bones in their folds, and devouring them, after preparing them for the table by an elaborate process of salivation. These stories are pleasant reading—to people who don't live near the boas; but if there ever were boas who behaved in this manner the race is extinct. The modern boa gives pork the preference over man's flesh. It is a common thing, in the woods of Luzon, to hear a pig squeak violently for a few minutes; if you go to see what is the matter, you are likely to witness such a performance as is represented in our illustration. Then you may shoot the boa, or beat him about the head with a stick, which course of treatment disagrees with him sadly; and you carry off the pork as the spoils of the conflict. Gordon Cumming used to tie the boa round his neck, as a sort of dress cravat. They don't use them so in Luzon; but they sometimes tie a boa's tail to one tree and his head to another, and keep taking a turn on him from

MACADAMIZED ROAD NEAR MANILLA.

time to time, till he is as taut as a bar, when they skin him.

Manilla is a pleasant place to live in for a short while—a sort of compromise between an old Spanish town and a Chinese village. The bulk of the people one sees in the streets are half-breeds; many of them are very good-looking, and the higher class of ladies dress with remarkable taste. Nothing can be more coquettish than the appearance of the Creole beauties in their cambric head-dresses, transparent chemisettes, bright skirts, and silk sashes, which are so managed as to reveal the exquisite symmetry of the figure. The evening promenade, which is as popular at Manilla as in all Spanish cities, plays sad havoc in the hearts of travelers.

In the country part of the island the old Biblical custom of working for a wife is kept up among many tribes. A lover is expected to work two or three years for the father of his lady-love, and if, during that time, any serious fault be detected in him, he may be discharged, and a new lover engaged in his stead. The only resource for an unfortunate wight in this extremity appears to be to throw himself on the charity of the lady, who may, if she be inclined, drag him by the hair before a priest, and have the marriage solemnized. The priests long ago established a rule that, when a girl brought her lover before them in this way, "with her hand in his hair," the swain was to return home, and the girl was to stay in the priest's house, "for her better security." The holy man, meantime, was to use his utmost endeavors to persuade the damsel's parents to consent to the match. If they refused, after long and earnest entreaties, then the girl was married without their consent, and surrendered to her husband. The young men of Luzon complain sadly of the dilatory manner in which the priests discharge their duty as intercessors in these cases; but lovers are naturally impatient.

In the city marriages are effected on less patriarchal principles. A Chinese wife can be bought very cheap. Girls of ten may be had at times as low as $3 and $4; but speculators state that it is cheaper to buy them ready educated, when they command from $250 to $750. Since the war the price has risen. Ladies of good Spanish families are very hard to please. The supply of husbands exceeds the demand.

If you do not fall in love with one of the bewitching Creoles on the promenades, you will naturally go to see a cock-fight. That is the peculiar amusement of the people of Manilla. It is a serious business. Grave men, merchants, shipowners, planters, Spaniards, Chinese, foreigners, assemble to see a cock-fight as our people go to the Opera. Valuable fighting birds are worth from $500 to $1000, and it is not uncommon for $5000 to $7500 to be staked on a single fight. The Indians enjoy the sport as much as their wealthier neighbors. An Indian will devote his time to rearing a likely bird, just as jockeys give up their time to training a race-horse. Sunday is the great day for cock-fights at Manilla. Every Sunday evening there are several such exhibitions, and the *élite* of society make their books and lose their money. Quite a large number of persons make a livelihood by training fighting cocks.

A still stranger avocation is that which gives employment to several score of industrious persons at Manilla. This is no less than the hatching of ducks' eggs. We have all heard how the Chinese hatch eggs in ovens. The Tagal Indians do better: they hatch the eggs themselves by lying on them. A contrivance protects the eggs from being broken; and the man-hen spends his days and nights in his incubatory functions, in all the luxury of useful idleness. Where labor is cheap, and ducks dear, men can be spared to hatch eggs.

THE QUESTION.

The moon is white and full,
  Like a lily overblown;
Come down into the garden,
  And walk with me alone.

The garden-walks are dark,
  And none are near to see;
They are too busy dancing
  To think of you and me!

I've something now to say
  That I never said before;
It will not do to-morrow—
  To-night, or nevermore!

Slip on your mask and come,
  You need not fear the light,
For when your face is hidden
  It will be doubly night!

She comes! I feel her near;
  Be still, my beating heart!
What I shall say will part us,
  Or we shall never part!

A BEGGAR SONG.

I am a merry beggar,
  My heart is bold and light;
I live upon the highway,
  And sleep in barns at night.

I eat behind the hedges
  My scraps of bread and meat,
And drink, when very thirsty,
  The water at my feet.

But, money in my pocket,
  And none to tell the tale,
I hie me to the alehouse,
  And drink my fill of ale!

I frown upon the tapsters,
  I laugh, and shout, and sing;
For, give a beggar money,
  He's mighty as a king!

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

In the autumn month of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, wherein these presents bear date, two idle apprentices, exhausted by the long hot summer and the long hot work it had brought with it, ran away from their employer. They were bound to a highly meritorious lady (named Literature), of fair credit and repute, though, it must be acknowledged, not quite so highly esteemed in the City as she might be. This is the more remarkable, as there is nothing against the respectable lady in that quarter, but quite the contrary; her family having rendered eminent service to many famous citizens of London. It may be sufficient to name Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor under King Richard the Second, at the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection, and Sir Richard Whittington: which latter distinguished man and magistrate was doubtless indebted to the lady's family for the gift of his celebrated cat. There is also strong reason to suppose that they rang the Highgate bells for him with their own hands.

The misguided young men who thus shirked their duty to the mistress from whom they had received many favors, were actuated by the low idea of making a perfectly idle trip, in any direction. They had no intention of going any where, in particular; they wanted to see nothing, they wanted to know nothing, they wanted to learn nothing, they wanted to do nothing. They wanted only to be idle. They took to themselves (after Hogarth) the names of Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild; but there was not a moral pin to choose between them, and they were both idle in the last degree.

Between Francis and Thomas, however, there was this difference of character: Goodchild was laborously idle, and would take upon himself any amount of pains and labor to assure himself that he was idle; in short, had no better idea of idleness than that it was useless industry. Thomas Idle, on the other hand, was an idler of the unmixed Irish or Neapolitan type; a passive idler, a born-and-bred idler, a consistent idler, who practiced what he would have preached if he had not been too idle to preach; a one entire and perfect chrysolite of idleness.

The two idle apprentices found themselves, within a few hours of their escape, walking down into the North of England. That is to say, Thomas was lying in a meadow, looking at the railway trains as they passed over a distant viaduct—which was *his* idea of walking down into the North; while Francis was walking a mile due South against time—which was *his* idea of walking down into the North. In the mean time the day waned, and the mile-stones remained unconquered.

"Tom," said Goodchild, "the sun is getting low. Up, and let us go forward!"

"Nay," quoth Thomas Idle, "I have not done with Annie Laurie yet." And he proceeded with that idle but popular ballad, to the effect that for the bonnie young person of that name he would "lay him doon and dee,"—equivalent, in prose, to lay him down and die.

"What an ass that fellow was!" cried Goodchild, with the bitter emphasis of contempt.

"Which fellow?" asked Thomas Idle.

"The fellow in your song. Lay him doon and dee! Finely he'd show off before the girl by doing *that*. A Sniveller! Why couldn't he get up, and punch somebody's head!"

"Whose?" asked Thomas Idle.

"Any body's. Every body's would be better than nobody's! If I fell into that state of mind about a girl, do you think I'd lay me doon and dee? No, Sir," proceeded Goodchild, with a disparaging assumption of the Scottish accent, "I'd get me oop and peetch into somebody. Wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't have any thing to do with her," yawned Thomas Idle. "Why should I take the trouble?"

"It's no trouble Tom, to fall in love," said Goodchild, shaking his head.

"It's trouble enough to fall out of it, once you're in it," retorted Tom. "So I keep out of it altogether. It would be better for you, if you did the same."

Mr. Goodchild, who is always in love with somebody, and not unfrequently with several objects at once, made no reply. He heaved a sigh of the kind which is termed by the lower orders "a bellowser," and then, heaving Mr. Idle on his feet (who was not half so heavy as the sigh), urged him northward.

These two had sent their personal baggage on by train: only retaining, each a knapsack. Idle now applied himself to constantly regretting the train, to tracking it through the intricacies of Bradshaw's Guide, and finding out where it was now—and where now—and where now—and to asking what was the use of walking, when you could ride at such a pace as that. Was it to see the country? If that was the object, look at it out of carriage-windows. There was a great deal more of it to be seen there, than here. Besides, who wanted to see the country? Nobody. And, again, who ever did walk? Nobody. Fellows set off to walk, but they never did it. They came back and said they did, but they didn't. Then why should he walk? He wouldn't walk. He swore it by this milestone!

It was the fifth from London, so far had they penetrated into the North. Submitting to the powerful chain of argument, Goodchild proposed a return to the Metropolis, and a falling back upon Euston Square Terminus. Thomas assented with alacrity, and so they walked down into the North by the next morning's express, and carried their knapsacks in the luggage-van.

It was like all other expresses, as every express is and must be. It bore through the harvested country a smell like a large washing-day, and a sharp issue of steam as from a huge brazen tea-urn. The greatest power in nature and art combined, it yet glided over dangerous heights in the sight of people looking up from fields and roads, as smoothly and unreally as a light miniature plaything. Now, the engine shrieked in hysterics of such intensity, that it seemed desirable that the men who had her in charge should hold her feet, slap her hands, and bring her to; now, burrowed into tunnels with a stubborn and undemonstrative energy so confusing that the train seemed to be flying back into leagues of darkness. Here, were station after station, swallowed up by the express without stopping; here, stations where it fired itself in like a volley of cannon-balls, swooped away four country-people with nosegays and three men of business with portmanteaus, and fired itself off again, bang, bang, bang! At long intervals were uncomfortable refreshment rooms, made more uncomfortable by the scorn of Beauty toward Beast, the public (but to whom she never relented, as Beauty did in the story, toward the other Beast), and where sensitive stomachs were fed, with a contemptuous sharpness occasioning indigestion. Here, again, were stations with nothing going but a bell, and wonderful wooden razors set aloft on great posts, shaving the air. In these fields, the horses, sheep, and cattle were well used to the thundering meteor, and didn't mind; in those, they were all set scampering together, and a herd of pigs scoured after them. The pastoral country darkened, became coaly, became smoky, became infernal, got better, got worse, improved again, grew rugged, turned romantic; was a wood, a stream, a chain of hills, a gorge, a moor, a cathedral town, a fortified place, a waste. Now, miserable black dwellings, a black canal, and sick black towers of chimneys; now, a trim garden, where the flowers were bright and fair; now, a wilderness of hideous altars all ablaze; now, the water meadows with their fairy rings; now, the mangy patch of unlet building ground outside the stagnant town, with the larger ring where the Circus was last week. The temperature changed, the dialect changed, the people changed, faces got sharper, manner got shorter, eyes got shrewder and harder; yet all so quickly, that the spruce guard in the London uniform and silver lace, had not yet rumpled his shirt-collar, delivered half the dispatches in his shining little pouch, or read his newspaper.

Carlisle! Idle and Goodchild had got to Carlisle. It looked congenially and delightfully idle. Something in the way of public amusement had happened last month, and something else was going to happen before Christmas; and, in the mean time, there was a lecture on India for those who liked it—which Idle and Goodchild did not. Likewise, by those who liked them, there were impressions to be bought of all the vapid prints, going and gone, and of nearly all the vapid books. For those who wanted to put any thing in missionary boxes, here were the boxes. For those who wanted the Reverend Mr. Podgers (artist's proofs, thirty shillings), here was Mr. Podgers to any amount. Not less gracious and abundant, Mr. Codgers, also of the vineyard, but opposed to Mr. Podgers, brotherly tooth and nail. Here, were guide-books to the neighboring antiquities, and eke the Lake country, in several dry and husky sorts; here, many physically and morally impossible heads of both sexes, for young ladies to copy, in the exercise of the art of drawing; here, further, a large impression of Mr. Spurgeon, solid as to the flesh, not to say even something gross. The working young men of Carlisle were drawn up, with their hands in their pockets, across the pavements, four and six abreast, and appeared (much to the satisfaction of Mr. Idle) to have nothing else to do. The working and growing young women of Carlisle, from the age of twelve upward, promenaded the streets in the cool of the evening, and rallied the said young men. Sometimes the young men rallied the young women, as in the case of a group gathered round an accordion-player, from among whom a young man advanced behind a young woman for whom he appeared to have a tenderness, and hinted to her that he was there and playful, by giving her (he wore clogs) a kick.

On market morning, Carlisle woke up amazingly, and became (to the two Idle Apprentices) disagreeably and reproachfully busy. There were its cattle market, its sheep market, and its pig market down by the river, with raw-boned and shock-headed Rob Roys hiding their Lowland dresses beneath heavy plaids, prowling in and out among the animals, and flavoring the air with fumes of whisky. There was its corn market down the main street, with hum of chaffering over open sacks. There was its general market in the street too, with heather brooms on which the purple flower still flourished and heather baskets primitive and fresh to behold. With women trying on clogs and caps at open stalls, and "Bible stalls" adjoining. With "Doctor Mantle's Dispensary for the cure of all Human Maladies and no charge for advice," and with Doctor Mantle's "Laboratory of Medical, Chemical, and Botanical Science"—both healing institutions established on one pair of trestles, one board, and one sun-blind. With the renowned phrenologist from London, begging to be favored (at sixpence each) with the company of clients of both sexes, to whom, on examination of their heads, he would make revelations "enabling him or her to know themselves." Through all these bargains and blessings, the recruiting-sergeant watchfully elbowed his way, a thread of War in the peaceful skein. Likewise on the walls were printed hints that the Oxford Blues might not be indisposed to hear of a few fine active young men; and that whereas the standard of that distinguished corps is full six feet, "growing lads of five feet eleven" need not absolutely despair of being accepted.

Scenting the morning air more pleasantly than the buried majesty of Denmark did, Messrs. Idle and Goodchild rode away from Carlisle at eight o'clock one forenoon, bound for the village of Heske, Newmarket, some fourteen miles distant. Goodchild (who had already begun to doubt whether he was idle: as his way always is when he has nothing to do) had read of a certain black old Cumberland hill or mountain, called Carrock, or Carrock Fell; and had arrived at the conclusion that it would be the culminating triumph of Idleness to ascend the same. Thomas Idle, dwelling on the pains inseparable from that achievement, had expressed the strongest doubts of the expediency, and even of the sanity, of the enterprise; but Goodchild had carried his point, and they rode away.

Up hill and down hill, and twisting to the right, and twisting to the left, and with old Skiddaw (who has vaunted himself a great deal more than his merits deserve; but that is rather the way of the Lake country) dodging the apprentices in a picturesque and pleasant manner. Good, weather-proof, warm, peasant houses, well white-limed, scantily dotting the road. Clean children coming out to look, carrying other clean children as big as themselves. Harvest still lying out and much rained upon; here and there, harvest still unreaped. Well cultivated gardens attached to the cottages, with plenty of produce forced out of their hard soil. Lonely nooks, and wild; but people can be born, and married, and buried in such nooks, and can live and love, and be loved, there as elsewhere, thank God! (Mr. Goodchild's remark.) By-and-by, the village. Black, coarse-stoned, rough-windowed houses; some with outer stair-cases, like Swiss houses; a sinuous and stony gutter winding up hill and round the corner, by way of street. All the children running out directly. Women pausing in washing, to peep from door-ways and very little windows. Such were the observations of Messrs. Idle and Goodchild, as their conveyance stopped at the village shoemaker's. Old Carrock gloomed down upon it all in a very ill-tempered state; and rain was beginning.

The village shoemaker declined to have any thing to do with Carrock. No visitors went up Carrock. No visitors came there at all. Aa' the world ganged awa' yon. The driver appealed to the Innkeeper. The Innkeeper had two men working in the fields, and one of them should be called in, to go up Carrock as guide. Messrs. Idle and Goodchild, highly approving, entered the Innkeeper's house, to drink whisky and eat oat-cake.

The Innkeeper was not idle enough—was not idle at all, which was a great fault in him—but was a fine specimen of a north-countryman, or any kind of man. He had a ruddy cheek, a bright eye, a well-knit frame, an immense hand, a cheery out-speaking voice, and a straight, bright, broad look. He had a drawing-room, too, up stairs, which was worth a visit to the Cumberland Fells. (This was Mr. Francis Goodchild's opinion, in which Mr. Thomas Idle did not concur.)

The ceiling of this drawing-room was so crossed and re-crossed by beams of unequal lengths, radiating from a centre in a corner, that it looked like a broken star-fish. The room was comfortably and solidly furnished with good mahogany and horsehair. It had a snug fireside, and a couple of well-curtained windows, looking out upon the wild country behind the house. What it most developed was, an unexpected taste for little ornaments and nick-nacks, of which it contained a most surprising number. They were not very various, consisting in great part of waxen babies with their limbs more or less mutilated, appealing on one leg to the parental affections from under little cupping-glasses; but Uncle Tom was there, in crockery, receiving theological instructions from Miss Eva, who grew out of his side like a wen, in an exceedingly rough state of profile propagandism. Engravings of Mr. Hunt's country-boy, before and after his pie, were on the wall, divided by a highly-colored nautical piece, the subject of which had all her colors (and more) flying, and was making great way through a sea of a regular pattern, like a lady's collar. A benevolent elderly gentleman of the last century, with a powdered head, kept guard, in oil and varnish, over a most perplexing piece of furniture on a table; in appearance between a driving seat and an angular knife-box, but, when opened, a musical instrument of tinkling wires, exactly like David's harp packed for traveling. Every thing became a nick-nack in this curious room. The copper tea-kettle, burnished up to the highest point of glory, took his station on a stand of his own at the greatest possible distance from the fire-place, and said, "By your leave, not a kittle, but a bijou." The Staffordshire-ware butter-dish with the cover on, got upon a little round occasional table in a window, with a worked top, and announced itself to the two chairs accidentally placed there, as an aid to polite conversation, a graceful trifle in china to be chatted over by callers, as they airily trifled away the visiting moments of a butterfly existence, in that rugged old village on the Cumberland Fells. The very foot-stool could not keep the floor, but got upon the sofa, and therefrom proclaimed itself, in high relief of white and liver-colored wool, a favorite spaniel coiled up for repose. Though, truly, in spite of its bright glass eyes, the spaniel was the least successful assumption in the collection: being perfectly flat, and dismally suggestive of a recent mistake in sitting down, on the part of some corpulent member of the family.

There were books, too, in this room; books on the table, books on the chimney-piece, books in an open press in the corner. Fielding was there, and Smollet was there, and Steele and Addison were there, in dispersed volumes; and there were tales of those who go down to the sea in ships, for windy nights; and there was really a choice of good books for rainy days or fine. It was so very pleasant to see these things in such a lonesome by-place—so very agreeable to find these evidences of a taste, however homely, that went beyond the beautiful cleanliness and trimness of the house—so fanciful to imagine what a wonder the room must be to the little children born in the gloomy village—what grand impressions of it those of them who became wanderers over the earth would carry away; and how, at distant ends of the world, some old voyagers would die, cherishing the belief that the finest apartment known to men was once in the

Hesket-Newmarket Inn, in rare old Cumberland—it was such a charmingly lazy pursuit to entertain these rambling thoughts over the choice oat-cake and the genial whisky, that Mr. Idle and Mr. Goodchild never asked themselves how it came to pass that the men in the fields were never heard of more, how the stalwart landlord replaced them without explanation, how his dog-cart came to be waiting at the door, and how every thing was arranged without the least arrangement, for climbing to old Carrock's shoulders, and standing on his head.

Without a word of inquiry, therefore, The Two Idle Apprentices drifted out resignedly into a fine, soft, close, drowsy, penetrating rain; got into the landlord's light dog-cart, and rattled off, through the village, for the foot of Carrock. The journey at the outset was not remarkable. The Cumberland road went up and down like other roads; the Cumberland curs burst out from backs of cottages and barked like other curs, and the Cumberland peasantry stared after the dog-cart amazedly, as long as it was in sight, like the rest of their race. The approach to the foot of the mountain resembled the approaches to the feet of most other mountains all over the world. The cultivation gradually ceased, the trees grew gradually rare, the road became gradually rougher, and the sides of the mountain looked gradually more and more lofty, and more and more difficult to get up. The dog-cart was left at a lonely farm-house. The landlord borrowed a large umbrella, and, assuming in an instant the character of the most cheerful and adventurous of guides, led the way to the ascent. Mr. Goodchild looked eagerly at the top of the mountain, and, feeling apparently that he was now going to be very lazy indeed, shone all over wonderfully to the eye, under the influence of the contentment within and the moisture without. Only in the bosom of Mr. Thomas Idle did Despondency now hold her gloomy state. He kept it a secret; but he would have given a very handsome sum, when the ascent began, to have been back again at the inn. The sides of Carrock looked fearfully steep, and the top of Carrock was hidden in mist. The rain was falling faster and faster. The knees of Mr. Idle—always weak on walking excursions—shivered and shook with fear and damp. The wet was already penetrating through the young man's outer coat to a bran-new shooting-jacket, for which he had reluctantly paid the large sum of two guineas on leaving town; he had no stimulating refreshment about him but a small packet of clammy gingerbread nuts; he had nobody to give him an arm, nobody to push him gently behind, nobody to pull him up tenderly in front, nobody to speak to who really felt the difficulties of the ascent, the dampness of the rain, the denseness of the mist, and the unutterable folly of climbing, undriven, up any steep place in the world, when there is level ground within reach to walk on instead. Was it for this that Thomas had left London? London, where there are nice short walks in level public gardens, with benches of repose set up at convenient distances for weary travelers—London, where rugged stone is humanely pounded into little lumps for the road, and intelligently shaped into smooth slabs for the pavement! No! it was not for the laborious ascent of the crags of Carrock that Idle had left his native city and traveled to Cumberland. Never did he feel more disastrously convinced that he had committed a very grave error in judgment than when he found himself standing in the rain at the bottom of a steep mountain, and knew that the responsibility rested on his weak shoulders of actually getting to the top of it.

The honest landlord went first, the beaming Goodchild followed, the mournful Idle brought up the rear. From time to time, the two foremost members of the expedition changed places in the order of march; but the rear-guard never altered his position. Up the mountain or down the mountain, in the water or out of it, over the rocks, through the bogs, skirting the heather, Mr. Thomas Idle was always the last, and was always the man who had to be looked after and waited for. At first the ascent was delusively easy: the sides of the mountain sloped gradually, and the material of which they were composed was a soft spongy turf, very tender and pleasant to walk upon. After a hundred yards or so, however, the verdant scene and the easy slope disappeared, and the rocks began. Not noble, massive rocks, standing upright, keeping a certain regularity in their positions, and possessing, now and then, flat tops to sit upon, but little, irritating, comfortless rocks, littered about anyhow by Nature; treacherous, disheartening rocks of all sorts of small shapes and small sizes, bruisers of tender toes and trippers-up of wavering feet. When these impediments were passed, heather and slough followed. Here the steepness of the ascent was slightly mitigated; and here the exploring party of three turned round to look at the view below them. The scene of the moorland and the fields was like a feeble water-color drawing half-sponged out. The mist was darkening, the rain was thickening, the trees were dotted about like spots of faint shadow, the division-lines which mapped out the fields were all getting blurred together, and the lonely farm-house, where the dog-cart had been left, loomed spectral in the gray light, like the last human dwelling at the end of the habitable world. Was this a sight worth climbing to see? Surely—surely not!

Up again—for the top of Carrock is not reached yet. The landlord, just as good-tempered and obliging as he was at the bottom of the mountain; Mr. Goodchild, brighter in the eyes and rosier in the face than ever, full of cheerful remarks and apt quotations, and walking with a springiness of step wonderful to behold; Mr. Idle, farther and farther in the rear, with the water squeaking in the toes of his boots, with his two-guinea shooting-jacket clinging damply to his aching sides, with his overcoat so full of rain, and standing out so pyramidically stiff in consequence, from his shoulders downward, that he felt as if he was walking in a gigantic extinguisher—the despairing spirit within him representing but too aptly the candle that had just been put out. Up and up, and up again, till a ridge is reached, and the outer edge of the mist on the summit of Carrock is darkly and drizzlingly near. Is this the top? No, nothing like the top. It is an aggravating peculiarity of all mountains that, although they have only one top when they are seen (as they ought always to be seen) from below, they turn out to have a perfect eruption of false tops whenever the traveler is sufficiently ill-advised to go out of his way for the purpose of ascending them. Carrock is but a trumpery little mountain of fifteen hundred feet, and it presumes to have false tops, and even precipices, as if it was Mont Blanc. No matter; Goodchild enjoys it, and will go on; and Idle, who is afraid of being left behind by himself, must follow. On entering the edge of the mist, the landlord stops, and says he hopes it will not get any thicker. It is twenty years since he last ascended Carrock, and it is barely possible, if the mist increases, that the party may be lost on the mountain. Goodchild hears this dreadful intimation, and is not in the least impressed by it. He marches for the top that is never to be found, as if he was the Wandering Jew, bound to go on forever, in defiance of every thing. The landlord faithfully accompanies him. The two, to the dim eye of Idle, far below, look, in the exaggerative mist, like a pair of friendly giants mounting the steps of some invisible castle together. Up and up, and then down a little, and then up, and then along a strip of level ground, and then up again. The wind—a wind unknown in the happy valley—blows keen and strong; the rain mist gets impenetrable; a dreary little cairn of stones appears. The landlord adds one to the heap, first walking all round the cairn, as if he were about to perform an incantation, then dropping the stone on to the top of the heap with the gesture of a magician adding an ingredient to a caldron in full bubble. Goodchild sits down by the cairn as if it was his study-table at home; Idle, drenched and panting, stands up with his back to the wind, ascertains distinctly that this is the top at last, looks round with all the little curiosity that is left in him, and gets in return a magnificent view of—Nothing!

The effect of this sublime spectacle on the minds of the exploring party is a little injured by the nature of the direct conclusion to which the sight of it points—the said conclusion being that the mountain mist has actually gathered round them, as the landlord feared it would. It now becomes imperatively necessary to settle the exact situation of the farm-house in the valley at which the dog-cart has been left, before the travelers attempt to descend. While the landlord is endeavoring to make this discovery in his own way, Mr. Goodchild plunges his hand under his wet coat, draws out a little red morocco case, opens it, and displays to the view of his companions a new pocket-compass. The north is found, the point at which the farm-house is situated is settled, and the descent begins. After a little downward walking, Idle (behind, as usual) sees his fellow-travelers turn aside sharply—tries to follow them—loses them in the mist—is shouted after, waited for, recovered—and then finds that a halt has been ordered, partly on his account, partly for the purpose of again consulting the compass.

The point in debate is settled, as before, between Goodchild and the landlord, and the expedition moves on, not down the mountain, but marching straight forward round the slope of it. The difficulty of following this new route is acutely felt by Thomas Idle. He finds the hardship of walking at all greatly increased by the fatigue of moving his feet straight forward along the side of a slope, when their natural tendency, at every step, is to turn off at a right-angle, and go straight down the declivity. Let the reader imagine himself to be walking along the roof of a barn, instead of up or down it, and he will have an exact idea of the pedestrian difficulty in which the travelers had now involved themselves. In ten minutes more Idle was lost in the distance again, was shouted for, waited for, recovered as before; found Goodchild repeating his observation of the compass, and remonstrated warmly against the sideway route that his companions persisted in following. It appeared to the uninstructed mind of Thomas that when three men wanted to get to the bottom of a mountain, their business is to walk down it; and he put this view of the case, not only with emphasis, but even with some irritability. He was answered, from the scientific eminence of the compass on which his companions were mounted, that there was a frightful chasm somewhere near the foot of Carrock, called The Black Arches, into which the travelers were sure to march in the mist, if they risked continuing the descent from the place where they had now halted. Idle received this answer with the silent respect which was due to the commanders of the expedition, and followed along the roof of the barn, or rather the side of the mountain, reflecting upon the assurance which he received on starting again, that the object of the party was only to gain "a certain point," and, this haven attained, to continue the descent afterward until the foot of Carrock was reached. Though quite unexceptionable, as an abstract form of expression, the phrase "a certain point" has the disadvantage of sounding rather vaguely when it is pronounced on unknown ground, under a canopy of mist much thicker than a London fog. Nevertheless, after the compass, this phrase was all the clew the party had to hold by, and Idle clung to the extreme end of it as hopefully as he could.

More sideway walking, thicker and thicker mist, all sorts of points reached except the "certain point;" third loss of Idle, third shouts for him, third recovery of him, third consultation of compass. Mr. Goodchild draws it tenderly from his pocket, and prepares to adjust it on a stone. Something falls on the turf—it is the glass. Something else drops immediately after—it is the needle. The compass is broken, and the exploring party is lost!

It is the practice of the English portion of the human race to receive all great disasters in dead silence. Mr. Goodchild restored the useless compass to his pocket without saying a word; Mr. Idle looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at Mr. Idle. There was nothing for it now but to go on blindfold, and trust to the chapter of chances. Accordingly, the lost travelers moved forward, still walking round the slope of the mountain, still desperately resolved to avoid the Black Arches, and to succeed in reaching the "certain point."

A quarter of an hour brought them to the brink of a ravine, at the bottom of which there flowed a muddy little stream. Here another halt was called, and another consultation took place. The landlord, still clinging pertinaciously to the idea of reaching the "point," voted for crossing the ravine and going on round the slope of the mountain. Mr. Goodchild, to the great relief of his fellow-traveler, took another view of the case, and backed Mr. Idle's proposal to descend Carrock at once, at any hazard—the rather as the running stream was a sure guide to follow from the mountain to the valley. Accordingly, the party descended to the rugged and stony banks of the stream; and here, again, Thomas lost ground sadly, and fell far behind his traveling companions. Not much more than six weeks had elapsed since he had sprained one of his ankles, and he began to feel this same ankle getting rather weak when he found himself among the stones that were strewn about the running water. Goodchild and the landlord were getting farther and farther ahead of him. He saw them cross the stream and disappear round a projection on its banks. He heard them shout the moment after, as a signal that they had halted and were waiting for him. Answering the shout, he mended his pace, crossed the stream where they had crossed it, and was within one step of the opposite bank, when his foot slipped on a wet stone, his weak ankle gave a twist outward, a hot, rending, tearing pain ran through it at the same moment, and down fell the idlest of the Two Idle Apprentices, crippled in an instant.

The situation was now, in plain terms, one of absolute danger. There lay Mr. Idle writhing with pain; there was the mist as thick as ever; there was the landlord as completely lost as the strangers whom he was conducting; and there was the compass broken in Goodchild's pocket. To leave the wretched Thomas on unknown ground was plainly impossible; and to get him to walk with a badly sprained ankle seemed equally out of the question. However, Goodchild (brought back by his cry for help) bandaged the ankle with a pocket-handkerchief, and, assisted by the landlord, raised the crippled Apprentice to his legs, offered him a shoulder to lean on, and exhorted him, for the sake of the whole party, to try if he could walk. Thomas, assisted by the shoulder on one side and a stick on the other, did try, with what pain and difficulty those only can imagine who have sprained an ankle and have had to tread on it afterward. At a pace adapted to the feeble hobbling of a newly-lamed man, the lost party moved on, perfectly ignorant whether they were on the right side of the mountain or the wrong, and equally uncertain how long Idle would be able to contend with the pain in his ankle, before he gave in altogether and fell down again, unable to stir another step.

Slowly and more slowly, as the clog of crippled Thomas weighed heavily and more heavily on the march of the expedition, the lost travelers followed the windings of the stream, till they came to a faintly-marked cart-track, branching off nearly at right angles, to the left. After a little consultation it was resolved to follow this dim vestige of a road in the hope that it might lead to some farm or cottage, at which Idle could be left in safety. It was now getting on toward the afternoon, and it was fast becoming doubtful whether the party, delayed in their progress as they now were, might not be overtaken by the darkness before the right route was found, and be condemned to pass the night on the mountain, without bit or drop to comfort them, in their wet clothes.

The cart-track grew fainter and fainter, until it was washed out altogether by another little stream, dark, turbulent, and rapid. The landlord suggested, judging by the color of the water, that it must be flowing from one of the lead mines in the neighborhood of Carrock; and the travelers accordingly kept by the stream for a little while in the hope of possibly wandering toward help in that way. After walking forward about two hundred yards, they came upon a mine indeed, but a mine exhausted and abandoned—a dismal, ruinous place, with nothing but the wreck of its works and buildings left to speak for it. Here there were a few sheep feeding. The landlord looked at them earnestly, thought he recognized the marks on them—then thought he did not—finally gave up the sheep in despair, and walked on, just as ignorant of the whereabouts of the party as ever.

The march in the dark, literally as well as metaphorically in the dark, had now been continued for three quarters of an hour from the time when the crippled Apprentice had met with his accident. Mr. Idle, with all the will to conquer the pain in his ankle, and to hobble on, found the power rapidly failing him, and felt that another ten minutes at most would find him at the end of his last physical resources. He had just made up his mind on this point, and was about to communicate the dismal result of his reflections to his companions, when the mist suddenly brightened, and began to lift straight ahead. In another minute, the landlord, who was in advance, proclaimed that he saw a tree. Before long other trees appeared—then a cottage—then a house beyond the cottage, and a familiar line of road rising behind it. Last of all, Carrock itself loomed darkly into view, far away to the right hand. The party had not only got down the mountain without knowing how, but had wandered away from it in the mist without knowing why—away, far down on the very moor by which they had approached the base of Carrock that morning.

The happy lifting of the mist and the still happier discovery that the travelers had groped their way, though by a very roundabout direction, to within a mile or so of the part of the valley in which the farm-house was situated, restored Mr. Idle's sinking spirits and reanimated his failing strength. While the landlord ran off to get the dog-cart, Thomas was assisted by Goodchild to the cottage which had been the first building seen when the darkness brightened, and was propped up against the garden-wall, like an artist's lay-figure waiting to be forwarded, until the dog-cart should arrive from the farm-house below. In due time—and a very long time it seemed to Mr. Idle—the rattle of wheels was heard, and the crippled Apprentice was lifted into his seat. As the dog-cart was driven back to the inn, the landlord related an anecdote which he had just heard at the farm-house, of an unhappy man who had been lost, like his two guests and himself, on Carrock; who had passed the night there alone; who had been found the next morning, "scared and starved," and who never went out afterward except on his way to the grave. Mr. Idle heard this sad story, and derived at least one useful impression from it. Bad as the pain in his ankle was, he contrived to bear it patiently, for he felt grateful that a worse accident had not befallen him in the wilds of Carrock.

COURAGE AND PATIENCE.

LIFE is sad, because we know it,
  Death, because we know it not;
But we will not fret or murmur—
  Every man must bear his lot.
Coward hearts, who shrink and fly,
Are not fit to live or die!

Knowing Life, we should not fear it,
  Neither Death, for that's unknown:
Courage, Patience—these are virtues
  Which for many sins atone:
Who has these—and have not I?—
He is fit to live and die!

ODDS AND ENDS.

[*By an old Bachelor Contributor.*]

OF KISSES.

"THE kiss," says an ancient woman-hater, "is the Aurora of love, but the sunset of chastity."

After the first kiss there follows a second, then a third, and so upward on the many-runged ladder of love to the *ultima thule*. One kiss is very little, and yet very much. It is the wordless interpreter of two hearts, which by this one breath tell each other more than by myriads of words. The kiss is the high-priest who initiates the heart into the Eleusinian mysteries of love.

The ancients counted three kinds of kisses:

Basia, that between friends and relatives.

Oscula, the kiss of veneration.

Suavia, the kiss proper—that between lovers.

The monks of the Middle Ages—great theorists—divided the kiss into fifteen distinct and separate orders:

1. The decorous, or modest kiss.
2. The diplomatic, or kiss of policy.
3. The spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman had drunken wine.
4. The slave kiss.
5. The kiss infamous—a Church penance.
6. The slipper kiss, practiced toward tyrants.
7. The judicial kiss.
8. The feudal kiss.
9. The religious kiss (kissing the cross).
10. The academical kiss (on joining a solemn brotherhood).
11. The hand kiss.
12. The Judas kiss.
13. The medicinal kiss—for the purpose of healing some sicknesses.
14. The kiss of etiquette.
15. The kiss of love—the only real kiss. But this also was to be variously considered; viz., given by ardent enthusiasm, as by lovers; by matrimonial affection; or, lastly, between two men—an awful kiss, tasting like sandwiches without butter or meat.

OF MATRIMONY.

An old cynic likens matrimony to a bird-cage: those who are without would absolutely go in, while those who are once within its bounds would by all means be free again.

A French philosopher says: "Love and matrimony are two ladders. Upon the ladder of love man climbs from earth to heaven; upon the ladder of marriage he descends again to earth."

Again: "Love is the dawn of marriage; matrimony is the sunset of love."

Love is a charming riddle; matrimony its tedious solution.

Beaumarchais said: "De toutes les choses sérieuses le mariage est la plus bouffonne." (Of all serious things, marriage is, doubtless, the most ridiculous.)

Love and matrimony are the two poles; between turns itself all the world of our joys.

George Sand calls matrimony "an institution without sense and reason."

The celebrated and beautiful Parisian actress, Mrs. Arnould, says: "Love and matrimony are two of the most glaring contrasts found in this world of contradiction. Love is a lofty palm-tree, soaring skyward, and bearing the most refreshing fruits. Matrimony is a cripple plant, creeping along the earth, and envying every other flower its bloom. Love is a charming hymn; matrimony is the requiem of love. Love is the sparkling Champagne; matrimony, stale and insipid cider."

There is a proverb in Suabia, "A faithful swain weds early; a prudent one, never."

Another:

"Marriage is an evil,
A bitter-sweet chain;
'Tis like eating an onion—
You weep, and eat again."

Hudibras calls matrimony a perverse fever, beginning with heat, and ending with frost.

CASTE, IN INDIA.

THE MERCHANT CASTE.

AKALI FANATIC PRIEST, SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

RAJ-POOT OR WARRIOR.

According to the sacred law-books of the Hindoos, *Menu*, the Creator, in order that the human race might be multiplied, caused the Brahmin to proceed from his mouth, the Cshatriya from his arms, the Vaisya from his thighs, and the Sudra from his foot. The names are significant of the stations assigned to each in the Hindoo order of creation: Brahmin means *scripture*—the priesthood; Cshatriya, *protection*—the warrior; Vaisya, *wealth*—the agriculturist and merchant; and Sudra, *slave*—the laborer. The Supreme Being further commanded that this order be carefully maintained, making intermarriage between the various castes a penal offense, and the fruit of such marriage *outcaste* and accursed; and commanding the descendants of each order to follow the profession and remain in the class assigned to their forefathers by the Creator. This is the ground-work of the caste-system.

A system of government so entirely at variance with all the promptings of human nature could not be enforced without affixing dreadful punishment for transgressions. Accordingly, we find in the sacred law-books of the Hindoos the most terrible tortures commanded to be inflicted upon violators of the rules of caste; tortures so altogether out of proportion to the offenses committed, as to make their enforcement a matter of impossibility.

According to the Vedas the Brahmin is as far above his fellow-men of lower castes as the Deity is above him. No king or ruler dare put a Brahmin to death. If troublesome, he may only banish him. Although employed in menial offices, though poor and ignorant, and wicked, the Brahmin, being a superior being, must be honored and respected.

The Brahmins and the Cshatriyas formed the class of "twice born," or superior beings. From them kings and rulers could be chosen. The other two castes were inferior. The Sudra was a slave, having no right of property or person, and being even forbidden, on pain of the most horrible tortures, to seek for his soul's salvation by reading the sacred books. A Brahmin may at any time seize and appropriate property possessed by his Sudra slave. Adultery between a Sudra and a woman of a higher caste was punished by burning to death upon a bed of iron. Should a Sudra so far forget himself as to offer contumelious language to a Brahmin, an iron spike, ten fingers long, and red hot, is to be thrust down his throat. Should a Sudra read the Shaster—holy books—the magistrate is commanded to heat some bitter oil and pour it into the offender's mouth. Should the Sudra listen to the reading of these books, hot oil is to be poured into his ears, and arzeez and wax, melted together, are to be used to seal up the orifices of his ears. If a Sudra gets by heart the Beids of the Shaster, the magistrate shall put him to death. Also, if the unfortunate Sudra should give frequent molestation to a Brahmin, the local magistrate is commanded to put him to death.

Such are some of the chief rules of caste. History tells us that they were never strictly obeyed. From irregular marriages arose in early times no less than thirty-six sub-castes, all of whom were outlaws, in social rank below even the wretched Sudra. In course of time, however, numbers of these outcastes have, by superior energy, attained positions of eminence. Yet at the present day the Hindoo prejudice against the class of outcastes is very strong.

Various modifications of the original system have taken place, until at present it differs materially from the state pictured by the laws we have recited. In Bengal the two lower castes have entirely disappeared, while of the Cshatriyas but very few remain. Thus the Brahmins are the only remaining members of the "twice born" class. In place of the lower grades have appeared the mixed castes beforementioned, who preserve religiously, as toward each other, the singular law of entire separation, counting as defilement the touch of any thing belonging to another caste.

Some of these mixed castes have, however, raised themselves from their pristine obscurity, and aspire to equality with the Brahminical, or "twice born." The Baidyas, or physician's caste, and the Kayastas, or caste of scribes, have great influence—and in Calcutta, at present, the President of the Dharma Sabba is of the Kayastas, while his secretary is a Brahmin. The Brahmins are generally despised by the Mohammedans, who see through their cheats, and hate their indolence. A work, in three volumes, lately published in Calcutta, in the Bengalee language, seeks to prove that the Kayastas are not of a caste subordinate to the Sudra, but that they belong to the Cshatriyas, and have all the privileges peculiar to that and the Brahminical castes. A newspaper—in the Bengalee language, of course—published twice a month in Calcutta, is devoted to the same doctrine. It is called the *Kustabah Kiruna*. There has lately arisen a distinct party, who, not resting at verbal and printed assumptions, study and repeat the sacred writings, to listen to which only was death to the Sudra and mixed castes under the old law.

Yet have not the Brahmins by any means lost their influence with the lower classes of Hindoos, much as the Mohammedans, Buddhists, and British have done to lower the indolent priesthood in the public esteem. There was, but a few months ago, in Calcutta, a spice-vender, who gathered reg-

LOWER CASTE COOLIE WOMAN AND COOLIE OF HIGHER CASTE.

COOLIES OF LOWEST CASTE.

ularly the dust which fell from a Lak Brahmin, and sold this by the drachm, as a specific for certain diseases. The low-caste Hindoos rub this sanctified dust upon their foreheads, and believe that it works wonders in restoring health and vigor. And while the Brahmins have gone so far as to employ the mixed castes in menial offices about their houses, it is yet a fact that the artificers of these castes are regarded with abhorrence by the lowest of the regular castes. Only twenty years ago a Brahmin, who had accepted hospitality at the hands of a goldsmith to the extent of a dinner, was condemned to fast two days, repeat a given text one hundred thousand times, and have his mouth rubbed clean with sanctified cow-dung.

While many of the barbarities of the old law are no longer practiced, the rules regarding marriage and social intercourse were never more rigorously enforced than at present. Even the sub-castes refuse to intermarry; and in Bengal, where the Brahmin caste has split off into six different Sreenies, or sub-castes, each of these remains as distinct from the others as though a separate caste. Even the Pariahs, or outcastes, have lines of separation among themselves, and each little party counts the touch of another polluting.

The various foreign sects who have at different times made their power felt in India, have all come more or less forcibly in contact with the caste system. Where the Mohammedan influence preponderates, caste has but little influence. The Buddhists have been more ductile, and have adapted themselves and their doctrine in a greater measure to the rules of caste. But it remained for the Christian conquerors to show the most complete submission to the silly and baneful superstitions which enchained the millions of Hindostan. The Mohammedan ruler, strong in his faith in the Koran and the Prophet, paid no heed to the follies and deceptions of the Brahmins, and took care to secure the ablest coadjutors, from whatever caste. The Buddhist, less strong in arms, and more flexible in belief, yet took pains to ameliorate the system to some extent. In Ceylon, where Buddhism long held the balance of power, although the distinctions of caste were maintained, and the Sudra was forbidden to enter a temple, the priest was commanded to visit him at his hut, "because religion is for all men." But the East India Company, intent alone upon gold, carefully refrained from interference with the prejudices of caste. While all the most important offices and trusts in the country were held by professed Christians, a Hindoo who professed Christianity became *by law* an outcaste, incapable of inheriting property, making contracts, *becoming a witness in courts of justice*, or performing any legal act whatever. In short, the convert to Christianity was, with the sanction of his Christian rulers, held dead in law. This law was not only upon the books, but enforced, until the 11th of April, 1850—but little more than seven years ago—when, by a decree of the "Board of Control," all laws making religious converts and outcastes incapable of holding, inheriting, or disposing of property, were forbidden to be pleaded in the royal courts of India.

The Christian missionaries in India long left the caste system untouched. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the Dutch, Danish, and Roman missionaries taught their native converts to submit unmurmuring. So late ago as 1824 some German missionaries protested in vain, to the Diocesan at Madras, against the abominations of caste. In 1826 Bishop Heber himself sought to find excuses for the continuation of the caste system among native Christian converts. Some inquiries made at that time resulted in evidence to the effect that, in the Christian chapels, the converts of the higher castes sat to the right of the pulpit, those of the lower castes to the left. Professing Christians of different castes ate at separate tables, and partook of the same food only if it had been prepared by a high caste cook, the high castes refusing to eat food prepared by a Christian Sudra. Also, there was no intermarrying between Christians of different castes. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at different times to the Christians of different castes. In the schools, however, the children sat together.

It was not till 1833 that Bishop Wilson, Heber's successor, declared himself decisively against the retention of the caste superstitions in the Episcopal Church of Bengal. He urged that neither these nor the use of heathen marriage ceremonials in the Christian Church (also permitted hitherto) were compatible with the teachings of a pure Christianity. Spencer, the first Bishop of Madras, some years after, declined to ordain any native preacher who would not extend Christian hospitality to men of all castes. And finally, by an archiepiscopal decree of 2d February, 1849, all distinctions of caste ceased in the church in Hindostan. Since then, under the countenance of the church, a considerable number of high caste converts have taken open ground, by voice and pen, against the abomination. And thus has been brought about gradually, but surely, a more liberal tone, even among the intelligent natives who adhere in other respects to their ancient faith.

Latterly, the chief authorities of the East India Company have aided the church in putting a stop to the more inhuman of the Hindoo superstitions, such as the practice of suttee, and the self-imposed tortures by which lazy Brahmins were wont to acquire for themselves a reputation for superior holiness. The present outbreak in India has been supposed by many to have had its moving cause in these interferences with the religious prejudices of the natives. But the best informed and most candid observers tell us that these acts of the government have formed but a slight and little-insisted-upon pretext for a rebellion which was, in fact, brought about by the long-continued course of plunder, confiscation, and annexation, pursued by the East India Company, by which they have thrown contempt upon all the royal traditions of a country whose people are as devoted to their princes and the royal blood of their rulers as the rulers themselves seem careless of the interests of their people.

CHARLES MACKAY.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers, this week, an excellent portrait of Charles Mackay, poet and journalist, at present a visitor to our shores.

Dr. Mackay, one of the best appreciated and most popular song writers of England, was born at Perth, in the year 1812, and is, therefore, now in his forty-sixth year. His parents removed to London while he was yet an infant, and that city has been his place of residence ever since, except during a few of his school years, which were spent in Belgium. While still in Belgium, the revolution of 1830 broke out, and he lived amidst and was witness to many of its most exciting scenes—an experience which has, not improbably, left its effect upon the tone of his most popular efforts in prose and verse.

In 1834, being then twenty-two years of age, he published a small volume of poems, and these attracting the notice of the then editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*, procured him a place upon that paper. This was his first step in journalism—a profession in which he has made himself a fair reputation. His connection with the *Morning Chronicle* lasted nine years. During this time he published a second small volume of poems, of which the chief—"The Hope of the World"—attracted some attention. Also, in 1841, was published his first prose work of fiction, "Longbeard, Lord of London," a romance; and shortly thereafter, "The Thames and its Tributaries." In 1842 he edited a "Life of General Mackay," a Scotchman of the seventeenth century; and thereupon followed two volumes of "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions," and "The Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes." These were succeeded by "The Salamandrine, or Love and Immortality," the most elaborate and ambitious of his poems, in which is described the love of a mortal for a female spirit of fire.

CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D., THE SONGSTER OF ENGLAND.

Upon leaving his first post, Dr. Mackay became connected with the Glasgow *Argus*, which newspaper he edited from September, 1844, until the British general election of 1847, so acceptably, that in 1846 the Glasgow University, by a unanimous vote of its heads, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Meantime, in 1845, he published a third collection of poems, under the title of "Legends of the Isles, and other Poems." In 1846 he published "Voices from the Mountains;" and in 1847, "Town Lyrics," both collections.

Upon the appearance of the *Daily News*, Dr. Mackay contributed to it, among other matter, poems under the title of "Voices from the Crowd." These were afterward collected, and, with additions, published under the same name, and achieved for him a marked success. "Egeria" was published in 1850. Since then he has written much for various of the British periodicals, but chiefly for the London *Illustrated News*, with which he has long been editorially connected. His last collections are called "A Lump of Gold," and "Under Green Leaves." Both these volumes have been well received by the critics and the public in general.

Dr. Mackay owes his reputation, in this country, chiefly to those poems of his which, having a social or political bearing, have given him scope for the expression of thoughts and sympathies which come home to the hearts of the people at large. His present visit to our shores is, it is understood, aside from purposes of general observation, with the aim of lecturing in our chief cities on a subject upon which he is eminently qualified to speak—"*Songs, Popular and National.*" There is a rumor that he intends, besides this, to give us another popular entertainment, by the public reading of a hitherto unpublished poem of his.

We can only wish him every success, whatever may be his purposes, and bespeak for the poet, among Americans, what he will doubtless receive—as warm a welcome as has always been extended to his poetry.

THE MYSTERY.

THERE were, at least, half a dozen high-spirited youths ready to quarrel with each other about Alice Smith; but she cared for none of them.

Not that she was over-dainty in the selection of friends, or that her standard of a lover and husband was too high for mortal man to reach. Her fault, if fault it was, lay in the opposite direction; she liked every one. But she had not arrived at that age in life when matrimony enters into a young lady's waking or sleeping dreams.

Nothing was farther from her thoughts than the desire to change her present position. Her father and mother were growing old, and she—their only child—was their chief stay and comfort. It was her extreme sensitiveness that prevented her repelling, in a more marked manner than she did, the attentions of young men for whom she could only entertain feelings of cold respect or friendship. Brought up in strict retirement, she was wholly ignorant of the rules of Fashion; but her own innate delicacy was, to her, a far safer guide than any of the fictitious laws to which Society demands obedience. She had a deep fund of common sense beneath all the passionate, exuberant enthusiasm of her nature, and in her most trifling tastes there was a refinement of thought and feeling inexpressibly charming. Few of her friends could understand this. They often thought her capricious and reserved; but she was neither the one nor the other; she was only obeying the natural instincts and impulses of her own guileless soul.

A word about Alice's *personnel*. Her favorite occupation was to sit at her father's feet and read to him. While she is in this attitude, you can not tell exactly how tall she is—in reality, she is under the middle height—but you can see by the outline of her recumbent figure that it is one of exquisite symmetry and grace. Her right arm, bare to the elbow, and as round and delicate as an infant's, rests on her father's knee, and her head is bent over the book from which she is reading. A heavy mass of auburn ringlets droop upon the volume. Presently she lifts her head. You can witness now the full glory of those deep blue eyes, that would be too dazzling without the shade of the dark lashes. In exchange for that look of tenderness and affection a man might well give all he possessed, and still be the gainer. It could not be interpreted into language. Her features are very soft; you would not seek to discover whether they were faultless or not; you would simply feel, while gazing on them, that they surpassed your own extravagant ideal of female loveliness. Altogether the face does not seem to be of the earth earthy, for you must examine it in vain for any trace of passion or of vice. The expression is gentle and sweet, nor does it belie the disposition it reflects. But we must pass from this alluring subject to the narration of our story.

Mr. Smith's cottage was prettily situated on the banks of the Hudson, not fifty miles from New York. While enjoying a walk along the river side one August evening, a youth, just landed from a sail-boat, attracted the old gentleman's attention. The boat lay on the beach at some little distance, and though the owner was dressed in the garb of a sailor, any one could see at a glance that this was not the profession to which he belonged. There was a manliness, and, at the same time, a grace, in the stranger's address and bearing, as he doffed his hat in deference to Mr. Smith's age, that immediately won the old man's heart.

"I beg pardon, Sir, for the liberty I take in addressing you; but will you direct me to where I can obtain lodgings? I thought to reach Poughkeepsie to-night, but the breeze has gone down with the sun, and I find myself becalmed."

"Indeed, Sir, it will be a difficult matter to get accommodation here. There are only a few private houses between this place and the nearest village, and that is five miles off."

"Well," returned the young man, smiling, "I suppose I must pass the night in my boat. It is not the first time that I have been obliged to do so."

"Stay; I can not permit you to do that. If you will come with me to yonder cottage—you may see it from here, peeping through the trees—I can, at least, give you supper and shelter."

"Thank you, Sir, very much; I cordially accept your proffered kindness. But if, as I believe, I am speaking to Mr. Grahame Smith, perhaps my name—Everard Anson—may not be unknown to him?"

"What! are you the son of my old friend, the Professor?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I am heartily glad that it lies in my power to do you a service. My wife and daughter will be delighted to make your acquaintance." And so, without further ceremony, they went up to the cottage, chatting together as though they had been friends for years.

By the time they entered the little parlor it had grown dark, and the candles were lighted. Alice was standing at the head of the table pouring out tea in regular old-fashioned style, and Everard Anson quite started with surprise and admiration when his eyes rested on her. He had never seen such a vision of beauty. He could scarcely collect himself sufficiently to undergo with credit an introduction to Mrs. Smith, who was comfortably seated in an easy-chair by the window, or to the young lady herself. This ceremony over, his accustomed ease and grace of manner soon returned, as of necessity it would, in society where he immediately found himself at home. He ate a hearty supper, joked about his enormous appetite, and gave a spirited account of his boat excursion from New York.

Everard Anson, even in outward appearance, was no ordinary man. At this time he was only twenty-four years of age, tall, and rather dark complexioned. His countenance had that honest, open expression, which at once inspires a beholder with confidence and respect. But the same features, when occasion required, could become stern, almost fierce, under the influence of a rigid determination of purpose. He was not a man to be trifled with or imposed upon, nor to be appalled by any danger, however great, that might happen to cross his path. His looks were a faithful index to his character. In times of extreme peril or of great affliction—such affliction as would drive some men distracted—his energies rose with the emergency, and he was always cool, collected, and self-dependent—asking no advice from others, but acting on his own responsibility, and driving things through by the force of his own will. Men of this description are, of course, many faults, and often fall into serious error; but when the heart is right—and Everard's heart was true and honest—there need be no fear for the result. He was kind and gentle as any woman, and no case of want or suffering ever came under his notice without exciting in his breast a warm and active sympathy.

Everard was the son of a distinguished scientific man, who had earned for himself a high reputation by his surveys and explorations of new districts and territories. He was an eminent geologist at a time when the science had scarcely received a name, and as such he will doubtless be remembered by many citizens of New York at the present day. One of his greatest admirers was Mr. Smith, who, in his retirement and abstraction, looked up with reverence to his more practical and more successful compeer. The son had conceived an ardent love for the pursuits and profession in which his father had excelled, and he had already brought himself into favorable notice by some able scientific treatises, which were published from time to time in the leading periodicals of the day.

On the first evening, then, that Everard spent at Mr. Smith's cottage, the conversation naturally fell upon the subject most interesting to the host and his guest, for both were students of the same science. The latter had recently returned from a long tour through the Far West, and he spoke with enthusiasm and earnest eloquence of its future development and greatness.

It was the first time that Alice had ever listened to such glowing language, for, truth to tell, her father (good old soul!) was rather prosy when fairly embarked upon his favorite theme. This was the first time, too, that she had ever seen one of the opposite sex so thoroughly accomplished, and, moreover, display so little affectation with all his scholarship. No wonder, then, that she was fascinated, and lay awake that night with the music of Everard's voice still ringing in her ears.

On the other hand, he was hardly less impressed by her beauty and winning grace of manner and speech. Indeed, if we were writing fiction, we should at once put this down as a case of love at first sight, and then proceed to illustrate that it was no exception to the rule about the course of true love never running smooth. But we are telling a simple and truthful story, and can not deviate from fact.

Everard, on his first visit, remained at the cottage for nearly a week, and then he only left to return again—and again. He was soon regarded as a son by the old people; and as to Alice, she knew the fall of his footstep, and would foolishly blush and tremble, and pretend to be deep in the mysteries of some uninteresting book, whenever she heard it on the gravel walk.

Two months had glided easily away, when one morning Everard made his appearance at the cottage rather unexpectedly. He partially sought to excuse himself on the ground that he had just crossed the river—had been on a visit to a friend, or some such trumpery, and could not return home without calling. It was cool autumn weather now, and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were sitting indoors, conning over some letters and papers received from the city. Alice had gone out for a walk. Everard said he would follow her, and off he started. He knew her favorite haunts, and was not long in overtaking her.

She was quite surprised to see him. She did not expect him, of course, though ten days before he had hinted—only hinted—that he would call

about this time. Still she was so taken aback by his presence, that she trembled and blushed more than ever, and, strange perverseness of the sex, vowed she must return home.

Everard was unusually serious. He scarcely spoke or seemed to notice her agitation, and his features wore that air of determination which they were sometimes capable of assuming. The two walked together in silence; and she, poor, timid thing, feeling uncomfortable thereat, ventured to offer a remark on the weather, as if the weather at that precise moment was the subject that most interested her in the world. Yet he did not or would not notice her uneasiness, nor would he second her desperate efforts to get up a conversation on indifferent topics.

They came presently to a part of the road which the rain of the previous night had left a perfect swamp. Alice hesitated, and did not know how to cross; so Everard, without much ado, lifted her, as he would have lifted a child, and carried her over. She was too thoroughly surprised to say much, and her surprise was not lessened when, the passage safely effected, he continued to hold her firmly in his arms, looking down into her face, but saying nothing the while. She strugged vainly to release herself.

"Oh! do not; do not."

"I shall; I must! I can not let you go till you tell me whether you love me."

"Oh! another time. Not now; not thus."

"Yes, now and thus;" and then his voice softened. "Alice, dear Alice, you know I love you better than any other creature in the wide world. Tell me, will you be my wife one day?"

Strange to say, Alice struggled now no longer, but looked up, gazed into his eyes earnestly for a minute or more, and then answered quietly, "Yes."

Nothing further was said. The compact was completed with these few words. She took his arm, and clung to him all the way home, as though she had just discovered that she wanted a protector and had found one.

After this event, six months elapsed without any change. The relationship between Alice and Everard grew close and closer day by day, and the latter multiplied his visits to the cottage. Rarely a week passed without his presence there. The affection of the young people for each other was deep, strong, intense. They seemed to have no enjoyment except in one another's society, and their parents knew and approved of their engagement.

It was about a month before the time appointed for the marriage, when, one beautiful spring morning, Everard, after a long absence of three weeks, appeared at the cottage. He crept in stealthily, as was sometimes his custom, to surprise his fiancée. She was sitting alone at the window of the little parlor, reading, or rather pretending to read, for, if Everard had taken the pains to look, he might have seen that her eyes were gazing vacantly at the wall opposite, as though she had discovered there some strange character to decipher.

He advanced silently, laid one hand on her shoulder, and leaned over for the accustomed kiss.

She started up hurriedly. Her face was deathly pale, and, as she recognized her lover in the intruder, a painful blush overspread face and neck, even to her arms, and then vanished, leaving her pale as before. She was even ghastly, but beautiful as ever.

Everard was really alarmed at what he believed to be the consequence of a sudden surprise. He approached for the purpose of drawing her toward him, but she retreated.

"Do not, Everard—do not come near me. I have been longing for your visit so much, so very much; but only to tell you that—that—that we must break off our engagement. It is a necessity"—clasping her hands tightly together—"oh! such a hard necessity, but it must be done. As there is a God in heaven, I am telling you truth when I say that this engagement of ours *must* be broken off. Don't ask me why—if you have pity for me, don't ask me for an explanation. Be my friend now—always—ever; but do not ask me to explain." And she pressed her hands to her throbbing temples, shrinking all the while from his touch.

Everard was struck dumb with amazement. He could not believe his ears. He was unable to speak for several moments. Different emotions were struggling for mastery, but at length his face assumed its old determined look, and he said, without venturing even to take her hand, "Sit down, Alice, and let us talk this matter over quietly."

She sat down, looking at him with a wild, fearful stare.

"Alice, have you been ill while I was away—are you ill now?"

"No."

"Have you seen any stranger during my absence?"

"No."

"Has no one been prejudicing you against me?"

"No."

"Have you not spoken to any one about me?"

"No."

"Have you mistaken your feelings, and fancied you loved me, when, in reality, your affections were given to another?"

"No, no; oh, no!"

"What, then, is the meaning of this? I have a right to know why you wish our engagement broken off. Give me a sufficient reason—any reason; say that your partiality for me was but a passing whim, and you shall never be troubled with my presence again."

"Oh, don't say so! Have pity on me; don't leave me; continue to come here as before; only don't ask me ever to marry you."

"And why?"

"Do not, do not ask me to tell; I can not, I dare not tell. It would be awful to tell."

Everard rose and walked hastily up and down the room. He was quite unnerved by what he heard. Alice's conduct was inexplicable. She was not a girl to take a fancy lightly into her head. He could not believe that she had ceased to love him—her whole manner belied such a supposition. She must be laboring under some hallucination, suffering, too, intensely, but from what? "Alice," he said, at length, and his voice was very soft.

Alice looked up.

"Do you love me still as well as you used to do?"

"Yes," in a very low tone. Then she shuddered from head to foot, and staggered back into a chair, as though she was unable to endure it any longer.

Everard was utterly confounded. He rushed from the room, and, meeting Mrs. Smith, asked impetuously, almost imperiously, why Alice sought to break off her engagement with him. "I must and shall know the reason," he said; "and if any one has dared—"

He stopped short when he saw the expression of utter bewilderment on Mrs. Smith's face. Alice had never spoken to her on the subject. There must be some mistake. She would go at once and discover the truth, she said; so she went. And while the mother and daughter were shut up together Everard paced up and down before the house in a frame of mind that it is more easy to imagine than describe.

Presently Mr. Smith came in from his walk. He soon learned all that had occurred, but the poor old man was even more astonished than his wife had been at the strange tidings. Both father and mother talked to Alice for hours together, but they could not fathom her mystery, and she would only repeat the wish, already expressed, that her engagement with Everard might be broken off.

So days passed. Her mental suffering, to be noticed by any one at a glance, soon began to tell on her health. She grew miserably thin, lost her color, and her large blue eyes, lighted up now with a wild, feverish glare, bore no resemblance to the same eyes which sparkled like a ray of sunlight only a few weeks before. But she always resolutely refused to give any explanation of her strange conduct.

Everard continued his visits. He conversed tenderly, earnestly, with Alice, but never, by any chance, alluded now to their former engagement. He exercised all the ingenuity he possessed in endeavoring to discover her secret, but in vain.

In what a terrible way was all this mystery at length unraveled!

One sunny morning in June—a day fixed forever in the memories of some—old Martha, the only servant in the cottage, wondered why none of the family came down to breakfast. They were an hour later than usual, and, feeling somewhat alarmed, Martha went up stairs, and knocked at Mr. and Mrs. Smith's bedroom door. No answer. She knocked louder; still no answer; so she entered.

It was an appalling spectacle! Mr. and Mrs. Smith lay dead on the bed—to this Martha afterward testified on oath; their throats were cut from ear to ear, and the quilt and sheets were deluged in blood. The murderer must have killed them as they slept, for neither appeared to have moved after the fatal wound was inflicted.

Old Martha shrieked aloud. Uttering piercing cries, she rushed to Alice's room and burst open the door. The first object that her eyes here rested on was the daughter, sitting upright in a chair, fully dressed—perfectly still, motionless, and, after a closer inspection, quite rigid—in a species of catalepsy, the doctors called it. She did not appear to be wholly insensible, for her eyeballs sometimes moved—slowly, vacantly, and without expression. Her bed had not been slept in all night. . . . Great Heavens! Martha, be sure of what you say! . . . Her clothes were all bloody—her very feet were bloody—and in her hand she held a bloody razor, the weapon with which the murder was undoubtedly committed.

Martha nearly lost her senses. She shrieked to her dear young lady, and begged her to speak one word, only one word; but that tongue was not to be loosened. She ran out and summoned the neighbors, and when they entered they saw the same sight, and remarked further, that footprints of blood led from Mr. Smith's to his daughter's bedroom!

Away with the horrid suspicion! 'Tis a devil's invention—thrust it back whence it came! She went in to see her father and mother that morning; she found them murdered, and instinctively took up the razor with which the deed was done. The shock has killed her—see her present condition! Let us hunt up the murderer!

But no traces of any murderer can be found—no door or window broken open—no robbery committed.

The news spread like wild-fire; it reached the city; Everard heard it; he was so shocked that for some time he was incapable of action. But Alice must be protected; his energies revived at the thought, and he started forthwith for the cottage.

It was a long journey in those days. On the way he learned—some one informed him of the fact in a rough, brutal way—that the coroner's jury had found a verdict against the daughter for the murder of the father and mother.

"Liar!" was all he said in reply; and the fellow slunk away, for the look that accompanied it was far more terrible than the word.

But it was true nevertheless. He heard it over and over again on the road. God! what a delight the people seemed to take in repeating the accursed words. He endured untold agony; he writhed under the torture; for, strong man though he was, the burden was too great for him to bear. But even while he suffers, he sees, or fancies he sees, the clouds breaking away from poor Alice's secret. Ha! it must be so.

He arrives at the cottage. Alice is in bed, recovered from her fit, but in wild delirium. She knows no one. A medical man from the city and the village doctor have been in attendance for several hours, watching her. She is dying.

Everard himself is strangely altered by that one day's journey. His face looks haggard, and his whole appearance is that of a man worn out with bodily pain.

"Is there no hope—none?"

The doctor shook his head, and taking the questioner aside, "Better as it is," he said; "she committed this frightful deed—no doubt of that; but it was done in a fit of insanity. She is utterly, hopelessly mad, and has been so for several months."

Ha! The same thought had flashed through Everard's brain, for the first time, on the road from town. And now all the events of the past two months appear in review before him. They are present to his mind again in burning reality. The poor child knew, then, of the fatal disease with which she was afflicted, and on this account determined to break off the engagement. This was her secret—this the mystery she was so unwilling to reveal! She kept it all to herself, so that herself alone might bear the whole burden. How great—how intense must have been her suffering! What wonder that she was driven to frenzy?

As Everard thought over all this, he covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. Violent sobs convulsed his strong, athletic frame. They were the first tears he had shed since childhood; they were probably the last that would ever be detected in his eyes.

She died an hour after sunset. The spirit was very gently released from its prison. A ray of intelligence lighted up her face for an instant just as the night was closing in, and she knew and smiled at Everard who was bending wistfully over her.

Poor Alice! Twenty years have elapsed since she died, yet whenever her name is mentioned, I can not help dwelling in imagination on the exquisite loveliness of her fairy form. Perfect she was in mind and body, and it seemed almost natural, when, with a noiseless step, she passed from earth to heaven.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A JOLLY old doctor said that people who were prompt in their payments always recovered in their sickness, as they were good customers, and physicians could not afford to lose them.

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of a Switzer, "that you Swiss always fight for money, while we French only fight for honor?" "I suppose," said the Switzer, "that each fight for what they most lack."

"Father, are there any boys in Congress?" "No, my son—why do you ask that question?" "Because the papers said the other day that the members *kicked* Mr. Brown's *Bill* out of the house."

"I wish my portrait taken," said a young man from the country to a daguerreotypist. "Very well, Sir; just take a seat here." "You warrant a resemblance?" "Certainly, Sir." "For how long a time?" "Even when old age overtakes you there will be some traces of your features." "Suppose I catch the small-pox, how can you warrant a durable likeness?" "Makes no difference; just bring it to me and I will punch a few holes in it."

PROVERB FOR ALL AGES.—Sorrows grow less and less every time they are told, just like the age of a woman!

THE WRITER OUGHT TO BE PIKED.—The idle man promises, the active man performs. In so far as they give evidence of inactivity, Promises are like Pike Rust.

Good manners are a sort of minor morals which test the character as fairly, in many cases, as the closest ethical investigation. The man who aims to make his neighbor happy, is very likely to show his good-will in the common intercourse of life—in respect for the feelings and habits, and even prejudices of his fellows. Rough manners, especially in people of education, commonly indicate an egotistical and selfish spirit; and indeed are often assumed to give to unkindness and impertinence the appearance of simple frankness and habitual candor. The trick is a good one, but it requires a good deal of dexterity to play it well.

Body and mind have many points in common. An old epigram mentions one of these thus:

> The mind, just like the stomach, takes
> Its food for pleasure, profit, use;
> Reflection all the virtue makes,
> And serves it for its gastric juice!

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

We saw an account lately of an elephant upon service in India, that, going to drink, fell into the broad deep tank or well constructed as a reservoir. To get him out they threw in great quantities of fascines or hurdles, which the intelligent creature placed under his feet as fast as they were given him, and thus raised himself not only to the level of the water, but to the brink of the well, and moved out without difficulty. Now this is the way to conquer the world and rise above it when you have fallen into temptation, or into a sea of anxieties, or cares, or pleasures. Instead of being overwhelmed with them, tread them under your feet, and you are soon raised superior to them, by the very means of them.

Can any philosopher explain to us how it is that brokers and others who deal in notes, mortgages, etc., consider these articles of merchandise valueless when they are canceled? What we want to know is, why they can not sell that which they can-cel?

"A short time since," says the *Old Mountaineer*, "a company of miners on Jamison Creek requested a comrade, who was going to a neighboring camp, to borrow the Life of Jim Beckwourth. He made his desires known, and was handed by accident a copy of the Bible, and, not being able to read, did not discover the mistake. Taking the book home, one of the company, who could read a little by spelling the hard words, opened in the Book of Judges and read the story, aloud, of Sisera being killed by Jael, Heber's wife, with a hammer and a nail. The story was listened to with profound attention until finished, when one of the listeners jumped up and exclaimed, 'One of Jim Beckwourth's lies! It sounds adzactly like him!'"

Two Irishmen who were traveling together got out of money, and being in want of a drink of whisky, devised the following ways and means:

Patrick, catching a frog out of a brook, went ahead, and at the very first tavern he came to asked the landlord what sort of a craitur that was?

"Why, it is a frog," said the landlord.

"No, Sir," said Pat, "it is a mouse."

"It is a frog," replied the landlord.

"It is a mouse," said Pat, "and I will leave it to the first traveler that comes along for a pint of whisky."

"Agreed," said the landlord.

Murphy soon arrived, and to him was the appeal made. After much examination and deliberation, he declared it to be a mouse; and the landlord, in spite of the evidence of his senses, paid the bet.

The only way to be thought to be any thing is to be it.

One of those peculiarly slab-sided, gaunt Yankees, which the prolific soil down-east produces in abundance, lately emigrated and settled down in the vicinity of Chestnut Hill. He was the very picture of a mean, shifty Yankee, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a helping hand. After he got every thing fixed according to his notions, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At length a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor and accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you hain't got no old hen nor nothin' you would lend me for a few weeks?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied his neighbor, picking out one of the finest in his coops. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen of eggs. He set the hen on the eggs, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen of chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled—he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a Yankee without one—came to his relief; he would keep the hen until she laid a dozen eggs. He then returned the hen and the eggs to their respective owners—remarking, as he did so:

"Wal, I guess I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent, nuther."

It is impossible to recall the best of Jerrold's sayings just when one tries: it is then they are most likely to slip from the memory. When Miss Martineau returned from her sojourn in the East, he suggested a motto for her book, "There is no God, and Miss Martineau is his prophet."

Mr. Bricks had tried in vain to get his rent out of John Jones, who occupied his house, and at last he offered him the title-deeds of the house and lot. John shrank back as from a poisonous snake, and, like Tom Benton, with knitted brows and compressed lips, tried to look Bricks down. Failing in his attempt, with great violence of manner, he interrogated Bricks: "What do you mean, Sir? Do you think me a fool, or what?" "Really, Mr. Jones, I don't understand you. I admire you and want to give you this house. It will always be a neat home for you, and you can go along in the world nicely." "What the d—l do I want with your house? So long as you have it you must pay the taxes, the water rent, keep it in repair, and so on. If I take it, the reverse. I tell you, Bricks, I'm no fool, so when you want to *catch* any body you needn't come here." Bricks, with many apologies, and in a state of the wildest admiration, left the premises, and as he stepped from the front door, exclaimed to himself, "What a great thing it is to be a genius! What self-sacrificing eccentricity! There's true nobility!" And so it happened that John Jones, our deceased friend, lived in a good house, rent, taxes, and repairs free, till he ended his days.

A lover is one who lives on sentiment and moonlight, who dislikes advice and salt pork, and supposes that all that's required to convert this world into a paradise is a six-keyed flute and a pair of light blue eyes.

A complicated debate is going on in the columns of some of the Boston papers—upon what subject do you suppose? The financial panic? the Indian Revolt? No! The question is—Did Saint Paul ever visit Great Britain! A vital question in our age and country!

It is always easy for a man to be considerate, when the consideration is a pecuniary one.

A frolicsome youth, who had been riding out, on approaching Merton College, which he had never before visited, alighted, and put his horse into a field thereto belonging. Word was immediately sent to him that he had no right to put his horse there, as he did not belong himself to the college. The youth, however, took no notice of his warning, and the master of that college sent his man to him, bidding him say, if he continued his horse there, he would cut off his tail.

"Say you so?" said the wag. "Go tell your master, if he cuts off my horse's tail, I will cut off his ears."

The servant returning, told his master what he said, Whereupon he was sent back to bring the person to him, who appearing, the master said,

"How now, Sir, what mean you by that menace you sent me?"

"Sir," said the other, "I threatened you not, for I only said, if you cut off my horse's *tail*, I would cut off *his ears*."

The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

At a party the other evening, several gentlemen contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing. A reverend D.D. was appointed to be the sole judge of their respective pretensions. One produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it; a buzz went through the room that this would not be outdone, when a second proved that he had arrested his tailor for money lent to him. "The palm is his," was the universal cry: when a third observed,

"Gentlemen, I can not boast of the feats of either of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas that they had left at my house."

"I'll hear no more," cried the arbiter, "this is the very *ne plus ultra* of honesty and unheard-of deeds; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew any person capable. The prize is yours."

The sham gentleman and lady do not know that politeness is the legitimate result of two things, good nature and good sense; and that it is therefore wholly distinct from any factitious circumstances of birth, education, wealth, or talent. Many a nobleman is less polite than a plowman; many a millionaire, and many an artist, might take lessons in politeness of a laboring man. At a superficial glance, education seems to make the distinction; but education only modifies our nature, and the inherently vulgar (that is, the ill-natured and stupid), when off their guard, drop the mask that a little schooling and worldly training put on them, and display their true selfishness of character.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says, that being in Rock County one day last week, he "went up on the top of a hill called Mount Zion, six miles from Janesville, and counted on the surrounding plain one hundred and fifty-four horse-power reaping-machines busily cutting down wheat. There were one thousand men, women, and boys following after, binding and shocking up the golden sheaves. It was a sight worth seeing to behold the grain falling and being gathered up at the rate of two hundred acres per hour!"

We are indebted to the *Bangor Jeffersonian* for the following good story of an extraordinary digger:

"An old fellow had been employed to dig a well, but before he got it finished it caved in, and feeling desirous to know what his neighbors would say of him after he was dead, he hid himself away, and pretended to be buried up in the well. They made no effort to recover his body, nor did they speak of him in very flattering terms; so he quietly decamped to parts unknown. After remaining *incognito* for about three years, one morning he suddenly appeared, hatless and frockless as he went, at the door of the farmer for whom he had agreed to dig the unfortunate well. To say that an avalanche of questions were rained upon him as to his mysterious reappearance would convey but a feeble idea of the excitement which his bodily presence created. But the old man bore it all quietly, and at length informed them that on finding himself buried, he waited for them to dig him out until his patience was exhausted, when he set to work to dig himself out, and only the day before had succeeded; for his ideas being somewhat confused by the pressure of the earth at the time he was buried, he had dug very much at random, and instead of coming directly to the surface, he came out in the town of *Holden, six miles east of the Penobscot river!* No further explanations were sought for by those who were so disappointed and sorrowful over his supposed final resting-place."

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never very far apart.

An Irishman's description of making a cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass around it."

"See what I am!" not "See what my father was!" is an old and excellent Arabic saying.

"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, Sir. If the old hen laid any, she mislaid them."

From the tenth to the twelfth of last month, inclusive, there was no revolution in Mexico. One old Mexican gentleman hung himself in consequence of this state of affairs on the eleventh. He left a note intimating that he had been accustomed to his revolution every morning after breakfast for the last forty years, and that he couldn't live to see his country degenerate, etc.

Why is venison like a lost friend? Because it is the deer departed.

By doing good with his money, a man, as it were, stamps the image of God upon it, and makes it pass current for the merchandise of heaven.

An Irish servant observing her mistress feeding a pet female canary, asked "How long it took them craters to hatch?" "Three weeks," was the reply. "Och! shure, that is the same as any other fowl, except a pig."

A Western paper has discovered some grass from the "path of rectitude." We fear that path must be sadly overgrown with grass, it is so little traveled nowadays.

It is a very erroneous imputation upon one of our prominent politicians that "that he drinks hard." There's nothing in the world that he does easier.

An exchange says, "Among the failures of the present season most to be deplored are the Atlantic Telegraph failure and the Delaware peach crop." That comparison is nearly on a par with the misfortunes of the individual who lost his wife and an ivory tooth-pick with three blades and one rivet loose.

"Common taters," said Mrs. Partington to herself, as she waked out of a little nap into which she had been thrown on Sunday by a soporific preacher, "what has common taters to do with the gospel?" The preacher had alluded to some commentators, the odd sound of which tickled her ear and awakened her. "Common taters," she continued; "well, all sorts of taters are bad enough, and many of 'em are rotten clean through; and if he is calling his hearers such names, heaven knows where he will stop. Common taters, indeed! I'll send him up a peck of uncommon ones to-morrow, and show him that all of them ain't alike." She left the house with a very indefinite idea of what he meant, but determined to set him right on the potato question.

A chap out West, who had been severely afflicted with the palpitation of the heart, says he found instant relief by the application of another palpitating heart to the part affected. Quite another triumph of Homeopathy—"like cures like."

"Well, farmer, you told us your wood was a good place for hunting. Now, we've tramped through it for three hours, and found no game." "Just so. Well, I calculate, as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

In the choice of a lover a woman considers more how he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own.

I lately read, somewhere, of somebody having constructed a talking automaton. Well, nothing appears to baffle the ingenuity of man in this wonderful nineteenth century, though I am inclined to look upon the matter as being wholly metaphorical — a mere "figure of speech."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, October* 26, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets exhibited no remarkably new features during the week. Breadstuffs were in fair request, chiefly for home use. Prices fluctuated considerably, closing, however, with a strong tendency in favor of buyers. The receipts were moderate....Provisions were in limited request, and prices of the leading articles declined, holders having pressed their supplies on the market....The only noticeable improvement in the grocery line was in Sugars, which attracted more attention at firmer rates....The absence of an adequate supply of Cotton prevented transactions therein, and quotations continued unsettled....Hay was plentier and cheaper, with a diminished inquiry....Hemp, Hops, and Grass Seeds were dull and nominal....Tallow was more sought after, and closed higher....Tobacco and Wool remained as last noticed....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 65	@	$5 15
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	$4 65	@	$5 15
Extra Western Flour, per barrel....	$4 90	@	$8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel.	$5 15	@	$7 25
Superfine to extra Canadian, per bbl.	$5 15	@	$6 70
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel.	$5 40	@	$7 50
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl	$3 25	@	$4 60
Buckwheat Flour, per 100 pounds...	$2 00	@	$2 25
Corn Meal, per barrel..............	$3 25	@	$3 75
White Wheat, per bushel............	$1 15	@	$1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel..............	$1 00	@	$1 30
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel....	68	@	70
Rye, per bushel....................	—	@	80
Barley, per bushel.................	75	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel...........	47	@	49
State Oats, per bushel.............	45	@	47
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel..	39	@	45
Southern Oats, per bushel..........	34	@	39
White Beans, per bushel............	$1 62½	@	—
Mess Pork, per barrel..............	—	@	$21 00
Prime Pork, per barrel.............	$16 75	@	$17 00
Repacked Mess Beef, per barrel.....	$12 00	@	$13 25
Beef Hams, per barrel..............	$16 00	@	$17 00
Cut Meats, per pound...............	9½	@	10½
Lard, per pound....................	10	@	14
State Butter, per pound............	16	@	25
Western Butter, per pound..........	13	@	18
Cheese, per pound..................	6	@	8½
Undressed American Hemp, per ton.	$140 00	@	$160 00
Dressed American Hemp, per ton...	$190 00	@	$210 00
North River Hay, bales, per 100 lbs	50	@	70
New Hops, per pound................	6	@	9
Rice, per 100 pounds...............	$3 00	@	$4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound..............	10½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound..............	6	@	8½
Cuba Muscovado Molasses, per gallon	22½	@	30
Hyson Teas, per pound..............	38	@	70
Oolong Teas, per pound.............	38	@	70
Domestic Whisky, per gallon........	20	@	21
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound........	8	@	17½
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.......	13	@	35
Tallow, per pound..................	9½	@	—

The freighting business was impeded by the advanced claims of shipowners: For Liverpool, Cotton, ⅛ @ 5-32d. per pound; Flour, 2s. @ 2s. 3d. per barrel; Grain, 5½ @ 6½d. per bushel; Rosin, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Beef, 2s. 3d. @ 2s. 6d. per tierce; and Heavy Goods, 15s. @ 22s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate quotations. The number of vessels of all classes in the port of New York on Saturday was 708. Seamen were scarce, and in rather better demand. The following is a list of the current terms of remuneration:

	Wages.	Advance.
To Liverpool................ per month	$20	$20
To London..........................	18	18
To Havre...........................	18	18
To North of Europe.................	18	18
To Mediterranean...................	16	16
To South America...................	16	16
To West Indies.....................	16	16
To East Indies and California......	15	30
Coasting...........................	18 @ 20	9 @ 10

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were rather sparingly supplied, especially with Beeves, which were in good request at a general average advance of ½ c. per pound on the previous week's prices. The week's receipts compare with those of the preceding week thus:

	Last Week.	*Previous Week.*
Beeves....................	3,159	3,626
Milch Cows................	190	232
Veal Calves...............	478	383
Sheep and Lambs...........	11,019	11,104
Swine.....................	3,003	3,860

The range of prices of Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market last Wednesday was from 6½ for the poorest to 11 c. for first quality, per pound....Milch Cows, usually with their Calves at their sides, continued in slack request, and they ruled heavy, at from $25 00 @ $65 00 for common to extra....Veal Calves appeared in limited supply and good demand at 5 @ 7½ c. per pound, live weight....Sheep and Lambs were plenty and more salable, at from $2 00 @ $6 00 per head....Swine continued abundant and in very moderate request, at 5 @ 6½ c. for live, and 7 @ 8½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market continues depressed, under the influence of increasing supplies of the leading articles. The prevailing inquiry is restricted to the immediate requirements of consumers.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel.................	$1 50	@	$3 00
Grapes, per pound..................	4	@	8
Peaches, per basket................	$1 50	@	$2 00
Pears, common to extra, per barrel..	$1 50	@	$12 00
Quinces, common to prime, per barrel	$1 50	@	$4 50
Chestnuts, per bushel..............	$3 75	@	$4 50
Potatoes, per barrel...............	$1 50	@	$3 00
" sweet, per barrel..............	$2 00	@	$3 00
Onions, per barrel.................	$1 25	@	$1 75
Turnips, per barrel................	50	@	$1 00
Tomatoes, per basket...............	37	@	75
Squashes, per barrel...............	$1 25	@	$1 50
Pumpkins, per 100..................	$4 00	@	$10 00
Beets, per 100 bunches.............	$1 50	@	$2 00
Cabbages, per 100..................	$1 25	@	$3 50
Cauliflowers, per dozen............	37	@	$1 75
Chicory, per 100...................	75	@	$1 00
Parsnips, per dozen bunches........	31	@	37
Carrots, per dozen.................	31	@	37
Melons, per barrel.................	75	@	$1 00
Beans, per basket..................	50	@	75
" per bushel....................	50	@	75
Corn, Sweet, per 100 ears..........	$1 00	@	$1 25
Leeks, per 100.....................	$3 00	@	$4 00
Celery, per dozen..................	87	@	$1 00
Garlic, per 100....................	$6 00	@	$6 50
Peppers, per 100...................	37	@	50
Cranberries, per barrel............	$6 00	@	10 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen.............	16	@	16½
Chickens, per pair.................	50	@	$1 25
Live Fowls, per pair...............	88	@	$1 00
Fowls, per pound...................	12	@	18
Ducks, per pair....................	75	@	$1 25
Turkeys, per pound.................	12	@	16
Turkeys, each......................	88	@	$1 25
Geese, each........................	75	@	$1 50
Pigeons, per dozen.................	$1 25	@	$1 65
" wild, per dozen...............	75	@	88
Woodcock, per dozen................	$3 00	@	$3 50
Partridge, per pair................	50	@	63
Roasting Pigs......................	$1 25	@	$2 00
Rabbits, per pair..................	15	@	25
Hares, per pair....................	15	@	30
Squirrels, each....................	9	@	10
Beef, per pound....................	6	@	8
Mutton, per pound..................	6	@	9
Lamb, per pound....................	7½	@	10½
Veal, per pound....................	8	@	10
Pork, per pound....................	6½	@	8½

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Oct.* 26, 1857.

THE week past has been less publicly disastrous than many of the preceding ones, but the suffering among the merchants, especially the dry-goods dealers, has not been materially alleviated. Several important failures have taken place, and many merchants whose names have not been brought before the public in any shape have been obliged to seek an extension.

The trade of the port compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Oct. 24, 1857	$2,807,332....	$2,132,124
Corresponding week, 1856	2,754,484....	1,390,116
Increase..............	$52,848....	$742,008

There was no export of specie; but over half a million in gold arrived from England and Havana.

The news from England leads to the belief that large remittances of specie are now on their way to this country, and that very shortly we will have more gold than is needed for the business of the country.

Money is still scarce. A few picked names are done at 2 @ 3 per cent. a month; but capitalists are still holding back. Stocks which took an upward turn week before last, relapsed this week; the average fall is about 4 @ 5 per cent.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTION FOR CASH.

CUT GOBLETS, best quality of glass, per dozen $1 40
CUT WINES, " " " 90
ENGRAVED WINES " " " 50

And CHINA, PLATED WARE, CUTLERY, &c., &c, in proportion, at

OUR GREAT SALE,
COMMENCING MONDAY, 26th inst.
See our advertisement on the following page.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT & CO.,
Corner of Broadway and Broome Street.

FURS.—WHITCOMB, PRENTICE & CO., 174 Water Street, WHOLESALE DEALERS in Furs, offer their entire Stock of LADIES' AND GENTLEMENS' FURS at

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AT LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES. Every article is of our own manufacture, and warranted.

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GENERALS WASHINGTON, LEE, GREENE, WEEDON, AND OTHERS,

In 1776, '77, and '78, showing the last trials at Valley Forge, breaking up the encampment, order of march through Philadelphia, and the plan of attack on the British at Monmouth. Also, an account of the capture of Fort Washington, and the horrors of the prisons and prison ships of the British in New York, with a

LIST OF AMERICAN OFFICERS IMPRISONED,

The time of their capture, release, &c. An account of the

SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI,

In New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, a list of the members' names, &c.; the half-pay, commutation, and land acts of the Continental Congress. A complete list of all the

OFFICERS WHO SERVED TO THE END OF THE WAR,

And acquired the right to half-pay for life, commutation, and land. Proceedings of 34th Congress, and United States Court of Claims, relative to a restoration of the half-pay acts of the old Congress, for the benefit of the

HEIRS OF OFFICERS OF THE REVOLUTION;

Virginia half-pay and land laws; the reasons which led to the passage of the Act of July 5, 1832, by Congress; the names of the Virginia officers who received land, with an interesting account of the military land districts of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, the locations of warrants, surveys, &c.

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ALLSOPPS' EAST INDIA PALE ALE.

MESSRS. ALLSOPP & SONS can not refrain from reminding the Public that it is entirely owing to the exertions of their House that "Burton" possesses its present important trade in "Pale Ale." Messrs. Allsopp & Sons first introduced this Article to the Indian Market 30 years ago, since which period its great popularity has remained unshaken; and, until they commenced shipping their Ale to the United States — 3 years since — English Draught Ale was unknown in America. These circumstances induce Messrs. Allsopp & Sons to feel confident the American Public will support them in their endeavors to make their Bitter Ale a general drink in this country; and its anti-bilious and tonic properties, its refreshing and agreeable flavor, make it a beverage especially adapted for the States during the Hot Season. The principal medical men in America and England recommend its use to invalids as a most efficient tonic. In consequence of the reported adulteration of some descriptions of Bitter Ale, Messrs. Allsopp & Sons have received numerous incidental Testimonials to the excellence, purity, and salutary effects of their Ale. By the following extracts, among a number from the most eminent medical men, the Profession throughout the country will have the satisfaction of finding their just appreciation of the remedial advantages of ALLSOPP'S PALE ALE amply confirmed by the concurring testimony of the most able Physicians and Surgeons, as well as the most illustrious Chemists of the time:

From BARON LIEBIG.—"The specimens of your Pale Ale sent to me afforded me another opportunity of confirming its valuable qualities. I am myself an admirer of this beverage, and my own experience enables me to recommend it, in accordance with the opinion of the most eminent English physicians, as a very agreeable and efficient tonic, *and as a general beverage, both for the invalid and the robust.* *Giessen*, May 6."

From PROFESSOR GRAHAM, F.R.S., University College, London, and PROFESSOR HOFFMANN, Ph.D., F.R.S., College of Chemistry, London.—"The sifting nature of the chemical examination which the Beers of Messrs. ALLSOPPS' manufacture for many months past have been subjected to, fully establishes their incontestable purity. The Process of brewing Pale Ale is one in which nothing but water and the best malt and hops, of the first quality, are used; *it is an operation of the greatest delicacy and care*, which would be entirely ruined by any tampering with the materials employed. *London*, April 26."

From the ANALYTICAL SANITARY COMMISSIONER *of the* "LANCET," MAY 15, 1852.—"From the pure and wholesome nature of the ingredients employed, the moderate proportion of alcohol present, and the very considerable quantity of aromatic anodyne bitter derived from hops contained in these Beers, they tend to preserve the tone and vigor of the stomach, and conduce to the restoration of the health of that organ when in a state of weakness or debility. They resemble, indeed, from their lightness, a WINE OF MALT rather than an ordinary fermented infusion; and it is very satisfactory to find that a beverage of such general consumption is entirely free from every kind of impurity."

From PROFESSOR MUSPRATT, F.R.S.E., Member of the Royal Irish Academy.—"I have carefully examined and analysed samples of your Ales, and find that they do not contain a particle of any injurious substance. *I and my family have used your Ales for years, and with perfect confidence in their purity.* I know that Pale Ale, when prepared, as it must be in your Brewery, under scientific surveillance, contains a large quantity of nutritious matter; and the hop, by its tonic properties, gives a healthy tone to the stomach.

"COLLEGE OF CHEMISTRY, *Liverpool*, April 20."

And many others, which can be seen at the office of Mr. ARTHUR KENDALL, 5 South William Street, New York, our sole Agent for the United States.

Burton on Trent, June, 1857.

NOTICE.—This Ale is to be had on Draught at all the principal Hotels and Restaurants, and in Bottles (in cases containing two and six dozen pints) at all Wine-Merchants and Grocers throughout the Union. The undersigned would call the attention of the Trade to the fact, that a large Stock being always kept on hand, in Bond, the supply throughout the year can be guaranteed.

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